

Green Pastures

Poems of
Cheer, Faith, Hope and Comfort



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IN GREEN PASTURES

PRELUDE.

*"Green pastures," said the Psalmist,
In that old strain of praise
Which pours its matchless music o'er
Our rough and rugged ways ;
Which rests us with its tenderness
As when a mother sings,
And to our weary moods of pain
Divinest healing brings.*

.

*"And he who clothes the meadows,
And weaves the radiant light
Of flower and vine on mountain sides,
And through the valleys bright,
Shall give to me the pasture green,
The waters still and sweet,
Oft as I take my need, my thirst,
And bend me at His feet."*

Margaret E. Sangster.



In Green Pastures.—*Frontispiece.*



IN GREEN PASTURES

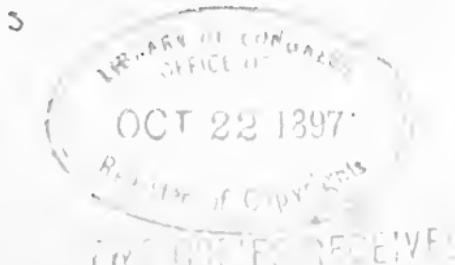
POEMS OF CHEER, FAITH
HOPE, AND COMFORT

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He
leadeth me beside the still waters."

PSALM, XXIII., 2.

NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

LIFE has its dusty highways, its barren plains, its steep cliffs, and its slippery marshes, but it has also its green pastures. Nor are they far off in the distance ; they are close beside the daily path ; we need but to open a gate or step over a stile, and the grass is soft beneath our feet, the still waters are ready for our thirsty lips, and the peace which passeth all understanding lays its cool hand on our weary brows.

Next to psalms and promises of Holy Writ, it is the poets that lead us most skilfully into these green pastures. They sing of faith and hope, of love and light ; they lift us over the rough places and help us up the steep paths ; they show us how to look beneath the dark surfaces into the shining depths ; they fit a song to every gladness and a hymn to every sorrow ; with them we walk through the green pastures of

earth and look onward to the yet greener pastures of Heaven.

It is of such songs that this collection has been made,—songs that inspire, encourage, and comfort. They are new and old, they are drawn from sources unknown and well known, and they all sing of praise to God and love to man ; they tell us how to make the way smooth though it be rough, easy though it be hard, short though it be long, and therefore they are what we all need,—you and I, our friend and our friend's friend,—all who wish to make life “one grand, sweet song.”

And may the blessing of God be upon singers and listeners, now and always !

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A CANTICLE OF TIME	S. Weir Mitchell 85
A GRATEFUL HEART	Celia Thaxter 93
A PRAYER	Phœbe Cary 106
A SERMON IN RHYME	I. H. Brown 21
A SONG BY THE WAY	W. M. L. Jay 101
A THANKSGIVING	William Dean Howells 119
A THOUSAND YEARS	W. M. L. Jay 67
A TIRED HEART Katherine Tynan Hinkson	160
A WORKER'S PRAYER Frances R. Havergal	29
A WORKING HYMN	Charles Wesley 197
ACCEPTABLE SERVICE	Unidentified 195
AFTER-SONG	Richard Watson Gilder 26
ALL'S WELL	D. A. Wasson 205
ALMS	Unidentified 32
ANGELS	Margaret E. Sangster 61
ART VOGLER	Robert Browning 128
AT EVENTIME.	James Arnold Blaisdell 37
AWEARY	Richard Chevenix Trench 106
BEGIN THE DAY	Horatius Bonar, D.D. 36
BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM Robert Browning	155
BETTER THINGS	George MacDonald 64
BIRTHDAY VERSES	Anson D. F. Randolph 222
CARE THOU FOR ME Elizabeth P. Blanding	51

Contents

	PAGE
CHRIST'S INVITATION	Anna E. Hamilton 175
COMFORTED	Anna L. Waring 72
COMMON MERCIES	Margaret E. Sangster 38
COMMONPLACE	Susan Coolidge 127
COMPENSATION	R. E. J. A. 143
CONSIDER IT	Jean Ingelow 13
CONSIDER THE RAVENS	George MacDonald 103
CONTENT	Christina G. Rossetti 26
COUPLETS	Charles P. Nettleton 34
DAY BY DAY	Mary G. Seward 36
DISCONTENT	Celia Thaxter 193
EACH AND ALL	Ralph Waldo Emerson 65
EN VOYAGE	Caroline A. Mason 43
EVERYDAY DUTY	W. M. L. Jay 161
EXAMPLE (from "Santa Filomena")	
	Henry W. Longfellow 38
EYE HATH NOT SEEN,	Christina G. Rossetti 210
FAITH	Celia Thaxter 227
FATE?—GOD	Julia Taft Bayne 116
FERN-SONG	John B. Taft 167
FOREBODINGS	W. M. L. Jay 208
FORETASTE	Mary Bradley 209
GIVING	Lord Lytton 90
GOD KNOWS	Christina G. Rossetti 134
GOD'S ALL-COMPLETE	Robert Browning 17
GOOD IN ALL.	Ralph Waldo Emerson 8
GRADATIM	J. G. Holland 120
GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS,	
	W. M. L. Jay 1
HARSH JUDGMENTS	Frederick W. Faber 112

Contents

xi

	PAGE	
HIDDEN GROWTH	Henry Vaughan	221
HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT, John W. Chadwick		78
HOME	George MacDonald	228
HOPE. ACT	John Sterling	213
HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE, Arthur Hugh Clough		62
HOW LONG?	Christina G. Rossetti	226
HOW TO LIVE	Horatius Bonar, D.D.	198
HUNGER FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS, George MacDonald		24
I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, Mary Woolsey Howard		49
I SAID	Caroline A. Mason	215
IF	W. M. L. Jay	156
IF ONLY	Edward Rowland Sill	23
IF YE LOVE ME KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS, Christina G. Rossetti		165
IN PAIN	Caroline M. Noel	16
IN PART	W. M. L. Jay	46
IN PATIENCE	Christina G. Rossetti	201
IN QUIET WAYS	James Russell Lowell	138
IN THE DARK Robert Underwood Johnson		76
INJUNCTION	Clara Marcelle Greene	200
INSIGHT	Emily Dickinson	175
INSOMNIA	Caroline M. Noel	189
ITS COST	Robert Lowell	114
KINDLINESS	George Herbert	112
LAST AND BEST	Alice Cary	24
LEND A HAND	Julia Wolcott	27
LIFE	Edward Rowland Sill	13

Contents

	PAGE	
LIGHT	Alice Cary	224
LIGHT AND SHADE	Adelaide A. Procter	152
LIKE THE LARK	Julia P. Dabney	60
LONGING	Christina G. Rossetti	117
LOOKING UNTO GOD	Samuel Longfellow	33
LOSS AND GAIN	Lord Houghton	199
LOVE	George Herbert	87
LOVE AND HATE (from "Christus")		
	Henry W. Longfellow	20
LOVE'S SACRIFICE	Maria Upham Drake	137
MANNA	Cecil Francis Alexander	89
MANY MEMBERS	Alice Cary	121
MATTHEW, vii, 9	George MacDonald	135
MIRACLE	Susan Coolidge	5
MORALITY	Matthew Arnold	181
MUTATION	William Cullen Bryant	77
MY ENEMY	Eliza Calvert Hall	136
MY FIELD	Harriet McEwen Kimball	97
MY FRIEND, From the German of		
	W. C. Dressler	207
MY GOODS	Amos R. Wells	114
MY PLEA	Christina G. Rossetti	149
MY PRAYER	Anna E. Hamilton	71
MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND,	Mary Bradley	45
NATURE'S RENEWING	James B. Kenyon	48
NEEDLESS FEARS	John Greenleaf Whittier	66
NIL NISI BONUM	Priscilla Leonard	186
NONE OTHER	Christina G. Rossetti	139
NOT AS I WILL	Helen Hunt Jackson	99
NOT CONCLUSION	Emily Dickinson	133

Contents

xiii

	PAGE
NO UNBELIEF	Unidentified
NOVEMBER AND APRIL	Samuel Longfellow
OMNIPRESENCE	John Bowring
ONE DEED	Richard Watson Gilder
OPEN THY HEART	Johanna Ambrosius
OPPOSITION	Sidney Lanier
OPTIMISM	Robert Browning
OUR DAILY BREAD	Susan Coolidge
OUR LAMPS	M. Elizabeth Crouse
OUR SHEPHERD	W. L. M. Jay
OVER AND OVER AGAIN	Josephine Pollard
PRAAYER	George MacDonald
PROGRESS	C. G. Hazard
RABBI BEN EZRA	Robert Browning
RECIPROCATION	Christina G. Rossetti
RECONCILED	Phoebe Cary
REFRESHMENT,	Richard Chevenix Trench
REJOICE EVERMORE	W. M. L. Jay
REST	George MacDonald
RESURGAM	Helen Hunt Jackson
RIVERS AND SEA	Christina G. Rossetti
SEEKING	Dora Greenwell
SELF-EXAMINATION	George Herbert
SENSITIVENESS	John Newman
SINGING ALL THE WAY	W. M. L. Jay
SNOW-BLOOM	Lucy Larcom
SONGS OF PRAISE	Adeline D. T. Whitney
SOUL-TUNING	John Donne
SPIRITUAL SENSES, (from "Reliques of the Christ")	Denis Wortman
	85

Contents

	PAGE
START AND GOAL Christina G. Rossetti	67
STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY, Adelaide A. Proctor	80
SUBMISSION W. M. L. Jay	221
SUBSTANCE Alice Cary	76
SWEETNESSES W. M. L. Jay	81
TERMINUS Ralph Waldo Emerson	228
THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE,	
John Greenleaf Whittier	118
THE ANGEL REAPERS, Elizabeth Barber Barrett	216
THE ANSWER (translated by Rev. James F. Clarke) Dschladeddin	211
THE BLESSED TASK, Harriet McEwen Kimball	176
THE CELESTIAL SURGEON,	
Robert Louis Stevenson	91
THE CHRONICLES OF HOPE Lord Houghton	75
THE CRIMSON THRONE, George MacDonald	220
THE DAY OF THE LORD Margaret E. Sangster	180
THE DESIRE TO DEPART B. M.	162
THE ETERNAL GOODNESS,	
John Greenleaf Whittier	191
THE FATHER'S HYMN FOR THE MOTHER TO SING George MacDonald	150
THE FOIL George Herbert	73
THE FULNESS OF TIME . . Julia P. Dabney	163
THE GREAT TEACHER, Frances R. Havergal	182
THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL, Sarah Doudney	124
THE HUMAN CRY . . Alfred, Lord Tennyson	125
THE LAW OF LOVE, Richard Chevenix Trench	219
THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT,	
John Greenleaf Whittier	59

Contents

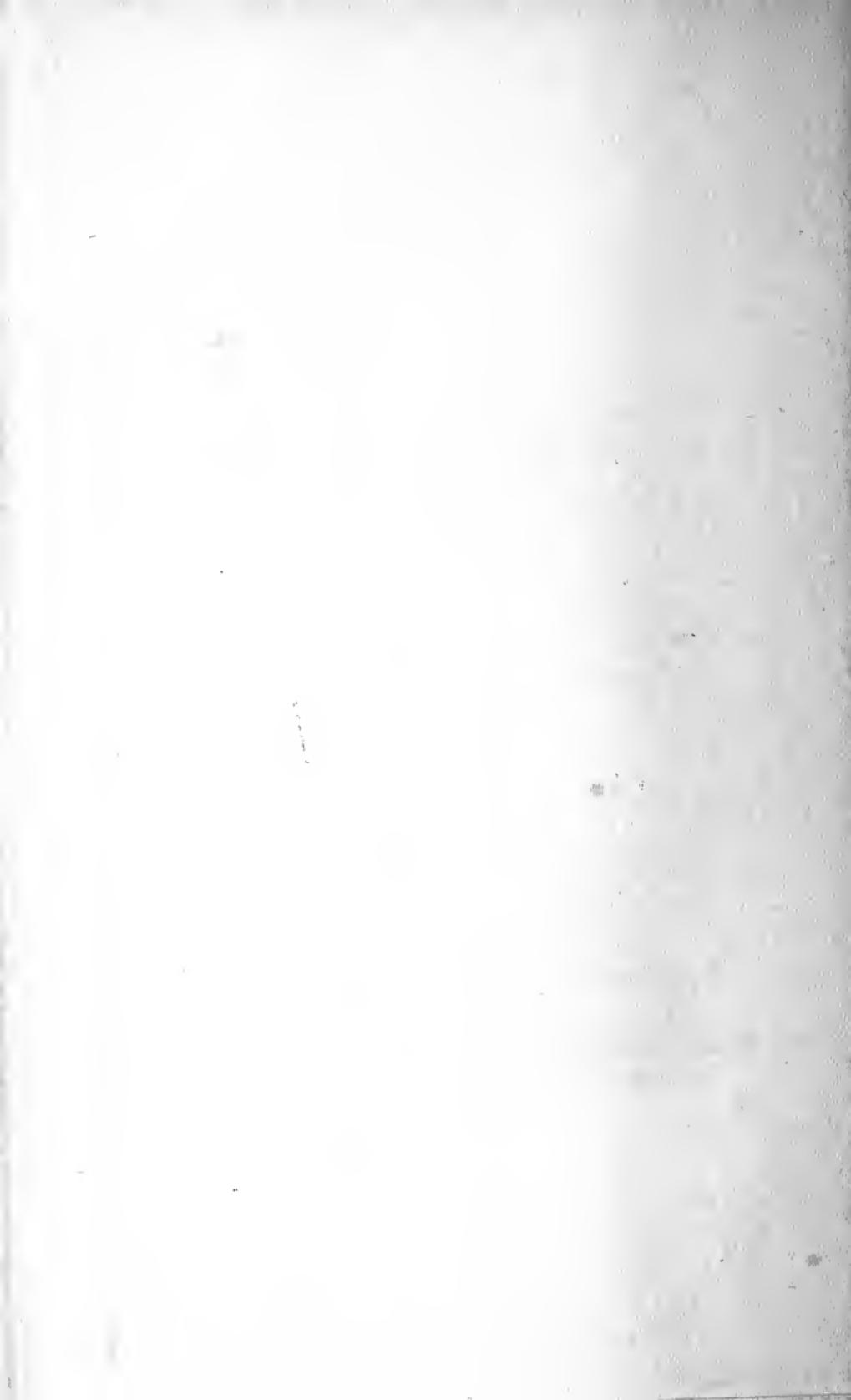
xv

	PAGE	
THE LOVE OF GOD	Eliza Scudder	95
THE LOWLY LIFE	Gerald Massey	168
THE MAN AT THE GATE	B. M.	53
THE MASTER'S TOUCH, Horatius Bonar, D.D.		50
THE NEW JERUSALEM	Denis Wortman	143
THE NINTH PARADISE, From Alger's Oriental Poetry		204
THE QUEST	Eliza Scudder	177
THE SONG OF THE WATCHERS, W. M. L. Jay		140
THE SOUL'S PARTING	Dora Greenwell	186
THE SOWER	Richard Watson Gilder	82
THE SPIRIT'S GROWTH, William Wordsworth		155
THE THOUGHT OF GOD	Frederick W. Faber	147
THE WAKING HEART	W. M. L. Jay	121
THE WORTH OF HOURS	Lord Houghton	110
THOU KNOWEST	Phœbe Cary	158
THY LIGHT	Constance Milman	110
THY WILL	Christina G. Rossetti	52
TINY TOKENS	Frances R. Havergal	164
TIRED	Peter Burns	225
TO ALL WHO CLIME, Eudora S. Bumstead		98
TO FIGHT ALOUD	Emily Dickinson	44
TOIL AND REST	W. M. L. Jay	218
TO-MORROW	Christina G. Rossetti	214
TRANSFIGURED	Lucy Larcom	3
TRUST	Lord Lytton	149
TWO WAYFARERS, Katherine Tynan Hinkson		107
UNCHANGING	George MacDonald	48
UNDYING LIGHT	Richard Watson Gilder	146
VIOLETS	Lucy Larcom	218

	PAGE	
WAIT	Unidentified	94
WHAT RABBI JEHOSHA SAID,		
	James Russell Lowell	8
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?		
	William Dean Howells	96
WHAT THOU WILT .	Frances R. Havergal	74
WHEN TO PRAY (from "The Children of the Lord's Supper")	Henry W. Longfellow	154
WHICH IS BEST . . .	Margaret Dooris	17
WIEGENLIED . . .	Edward Rowland Sill	179
WISH AND ACTION (from "The Wishing Gate") . . .	William Wordsworth	184
WORK	Elizabeth B. Browning	28
WORK AND CONTEMPLATION,		
	Elizabeth B. Browning	131
WORLDLY PLACE . . .	Matthew Arnold	131
WORSHIP . . .	John Greenleaf Whittier	84
YEA, I HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE,		
	Christina G. Rossetti	41
YET ONWARD	Lucy Larcom	35
YOU THREE . . .	Ethelwyn Wetherald	123
YOUR FAULT . . .	Ralph Waldo Emerson	124

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
IN GREEN PASTURES	<i>Frontispiece</i>
BRAVE SOULS CLIMB TO SUMMITS HIGH	17
LORD, WE ARE RIVERS RUNNING TO THY SEA	32
THE WIND THAT BLOWS, THAT WIND IS BEST	43
TO HEAR THE COMFORTABLE WORDS	72
GIVE ME THE EAR, MY GOD, TO HEAR	85
CONSIDER THE RAVENS	105
GOD'S MEEKEST ANGEL GENTLY COMES	118
WORK AND CONTEMPLATION	131
MY CHILD IS LYING ON MY KNEES	150
OUR SHEPHERD KNOWS THE WAY	173



GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS.

THE path I tread seems often bare,
 Or it is rough to weary feet ;
Yet all beside the way are fair
 Green fields, and waters sweet.
I do but need to turn aside,
 And lift my heart to God, and lo !
Around me stretch the pastures wide,
 The peaceful waters flow.

Lord, give me grace in every place
 To lift a trustful heart to Thee,
That so my soul may walk at ease
 Amid Thy pastures free ;
That, leaving other draughts behind—
 The draughts that chill, or heat, or
 sting—
My soul may ever seek and find
 Thy love's unfailing spring !

REST.

THERE is a rest that deeper grows
 In midst of pain and strife,—
A mighty, conscious, willed repose,
 The heart of deepest life.
To have and hold the precious prize
 No need of jealous bars,
But windows open to the skies,
 And skill to read the stars.

Who dwelleth in that secret place ;
 Where tumult enters not,
Is never cold with terror base,
 Never with anger hot.
For if an evil host should dare
 His very heart invest,
God is his deeper heart, and there
 He enters into rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,
 And tear the scattered waves,
Peaceful as summer woods, below
 Lie darkling ocean caves :

The wind of words may toss my heart,
But what is that to me?
'T is but a surface storm,—Thou art
My deep, still, resting sea.

TRANSFIGURED.

How changed in an instant ! What was it ?
A word, or the glance of an eye,
Or a thought flashed from spirit to spirit,
As the rush of the world swept by ?

I cannot tell how, yet I know it—
That once unto me it was given,
'Mid the noonday stir of the city,
To breathe for a moment in Heaven. . . .

And my soul was aware of a vision
Too brief and too holy to tell ;
But I saw that the world of our longing
Was close to the world where we dwell.

Yes, heaven has come down to meet us ;
It hangs in our atmosphere ;

In Green Pastures

Its beautiful, open secret
Is whispered in every ear.

And everywhere, here and always,
If we would but open our eyes,
We should find, through these beaten foot-
paths,
Our way into Paradise.

We should walk there with one another,
Nor halting, disheartened, wait
To enter a dreamed-of City
By a far-off, shadowy Gate.

Dull earth would be dull no longer,
The clod would sparkle—a gem ;
And our hands at their commonest labor,
Would be building Jerusalem.

For the clear cool River of Eden
Flows fresh through our dusty streets ;
We may feel its spray on our foreheads
Amid wearisome noontide heats.

We may share in the joy of God's angels
On the errands that He has given ;
We may live in a world transfigured,
And sweet with the air of Heaven.

MIRACLE.

AH ! not in strange, portentous way
Christ's miracles were wrought of old ;
The common thing, the common clay,
He touched and tinctured, and straightway
It grew to glory manifold.

The barley loaves were daily bread,
Kneaded and mixed with usual skill ;
No care was given, no spell was said,
But when the Lord had blessed, they fed
The multitude upon the hill.

The hemp was sown 'neath common sun,
Watered by common dews and rain,
Of which the fisher's nets were spun ;
Nothing was prophesied or done
To mark it from the other grain.

Coarse, brawny hands let down the net
When the Lord spake and ordered so ;
They hauled the meshes, heavy-wet,
Just as in other days, and set
Their backs to labor, bending low ;

But quivering, leaping from the lake,
The marvellous, shining burdens rise
Until the laden meshes break,
And, all amazed, no man spake,
But gazed with wonder in his eyes.

So still, dear Lord, in every place
Thou standest by the toiling folk
With love and pity in Thy face,
And givest of Thy help and grace
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and spell,
Baffling and darkening Nature's face ;
Thou takest the things we know so well,
And buildest on them Thy miracle—
The heavenly on the commonplace.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped and
dull,

The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo !
They blossom to the beautiful.

We need not wait for thunder-peal,
Resounding from a mount of fire,
While round our daily paths we feel
Thy sweet love and Thy power to heal,
Working in us Thy full desire.

ONE DEED.

ONE deed may mar a life,
And one can make it ;
Hold firm thy will for strife,
Lest a quick blow break it !
Even now from far on viewless wing
Hither speeds the nameless thing
Shall put thy spirit to the test.
Haply or e'er yon sinking sun
Shall drop behind the purple West,
All shall be lost—or won !

GOOD IN ALL.

LET me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still :
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that 's fair, from all that 's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of women heard,—
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway, something sings.

'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,—
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway, something sings.

WHAT RABBI JEHOSHA SAID.

RABBI JEHOSHA used to say
That God made angels every day,
Perfect as Michael and the rest
First brooded in creation's nest,

Whose only office was to cry
Hosanna ! once and then to die ;
Or rather, with Life's essence blent,
To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
To know that Heaven is in God's will ;
And doing that, though for a space
One heart-beat long, may win a grace
As full of grandeur and of glow
As Princes of the Chariot know.

'T were glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs deathlessly divine ;
Yet I, perhaps—poor earthly clod—
Could I forget myself in God,
Could I but find my nature's clew
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'T is Heaven must come, not we must go,
Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone ;
And God would listen 'mid the throng
For my one breath of perfect song,
That in its simple human way
Said all the Host of Heaven could say.

PROGRESS.

I SEEM to halt ; but yet I know
The breath of God is in the sails :
Whether by zephyrs or by gales
The ships of God must onward go.
E'en when to rest He singeth them,
He to the haven bringeth them.

SEEKING.

“ AND where, and in what pleasant places
Have ye been, that ye come again
With your laps full of flowers, and your
faces
Like buds blown fresh after rain ? ”
“ We have been,” said the children, speak-
ing
In their gladness, as the birds chime,
All together,—“ we have been seeking
For the fairies of olden time.
For we thought, they are only hidden ;
They would never surely go
From this green earth all unbidden,
And the children that love them so. . . .

We thought, rolled up we shall find them
Among mosses old and dry ;
From gossamer threads that bind them
They will start like the butterfly,
All winged : so we went forth seeking,
Yet still they have kept unseen,
Though we think our feet have been keep-
ing

The track where they have been. . . .
But we found," said the children, speak-
ing

More quickly, "so many things !
That we soon forgot we were seeking,
Forgot all the fairy rings,
Forgot all the stories olden
That we hear round the fire at night,
Of their gifts and favors golden,
The sunshine was so bright ;—
And the flowers !—we found so many
That it almost made us grieve
To think there were some, sweet as any,
That we were forced to leave
As we left, by the brookside lying,
The balls of drifted foam,
And brought, after all our trying,
These Guelder roses home."

Then, "Oh!" I heard one speaking
Beside me soft and low,
"I have been, like the blessed children,
seeking,
Still seeking to and fro ;
Yet not, like them, for the fairies,—
They might pass unmourned away
For me, that had looked on angels,
On angels that would not stay ;—
No ! though in haste before them
I spread all my heart's best cheer,
And made love my banner o'er them,
If I might but keep them here! . . .
But my care was not availing,
I found their sweetness gone ;
I saw their bright tints paling :
They died ; yet I lived on !
Yet seeking, ever seeking,
Like the children, I have won
A guerdon all undreamt of
When first my quest begun.
And my thoughts come back like wan-
derers,
Out-wearied, to my breast :
What they sought for long they found not,
Yet was the unsought best.

For I sought not out for crosses,
I did not seek for pain ;
Yet I find the heart's sore losses
Were the spirit's surest gain."

LIFE.

FORENOON and afternoon and night ;—
Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night ;—Forenoon,
and—what ?
The empty song repeats itself. No more ?
Yea, that is Life : make this forenoon sub-
lime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is
won.

CONSIDER IT.

CONSIDER it

(This outer world we tread on) as a harp,—
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the
wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,

And draw forth melody. Why shouldst thou yet
 Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost :
 Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
 A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
 Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
 Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home,
 And make a place in thy great heart for her,
 And give her time to grow, and cherish her ;
 Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
 When thou art working in the furrows ; ay,
 Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
 It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
 Joy is the grace we say to God.

REJOICE EVERMORE.

“ REJOICE ! ” saith one, with a sigh,
 “ Right gladly, in sooth, would I !
 But discords of sorrow and strife
 Mar the sweet music of life.

Never so merry an air,
 Never so brilliant a key,
But the snarl of the ‘wolf’ is there,
 In the heart of the melody,
Or sorrowful minors creep in !
 For songs there are doubts and dis-
 may,
Or moanings of anguish and sin,
 For harmonies, death and decay,—
‘*Rejoice!*’ did you say ?”

“ Rejoice ! ” a quiet voice saith,
“ Yea, surely ; what hindereth ?
However the world may spin,
There’s music my heart within.
Trust, like a summer rill,
 Singeth the way along ;
Hope hath a joyous trill,
 Patience an undersong ;
Faith setteth the key, and Love
 Is the dominant, sweet and strong ;
Some string doth in sweetness move,
 And richly to fill up the chord
 I rejoice in the Lord.”

IN PAIN.

By Thine anguish cleanse my soul,
By Thy Passion make me whole ;
Weak and helpless on the Tree,
Thou didst gain a victory :
Weak and helpless as I lie,
Thou canst triumph, sin can die.

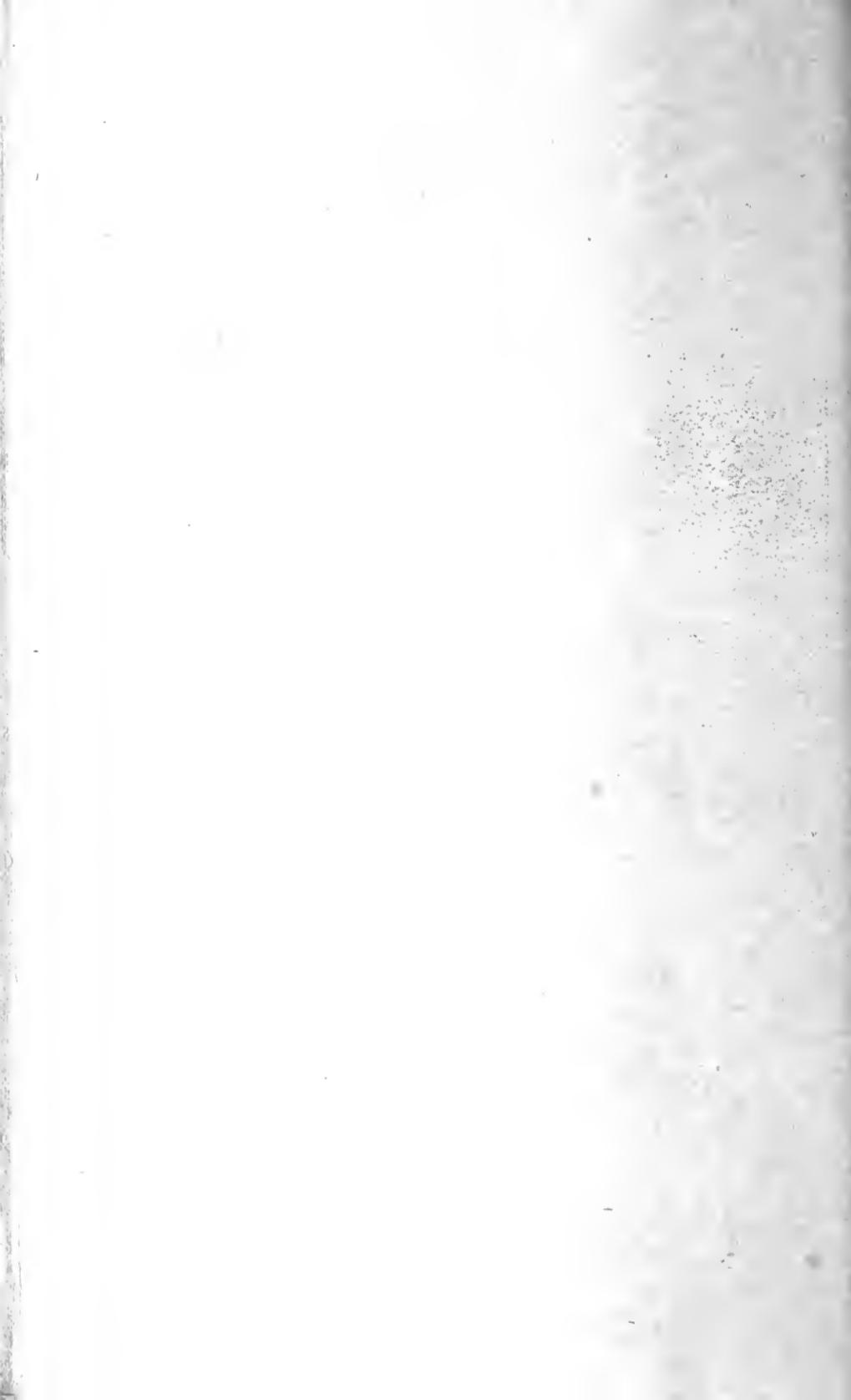
Search me through, and nothing spare,
Burn the sin out that is there,
All that is of Thine and Thee
Quicken into energy :
Let Thy Love enlarge my heart,
Deepen, soften every part.

In the silence deep and still
Bind me closer to Thy Will :
Earthly friends are far away,
Be Thou with me night and day :
Earthly happiness I miss,
Make me taste of Heaven's bliss.

Teach me how to guess aright
Of the wonders out of sight :
Let my spirit grow more clear,
Heavenly whispers let me hear :



"Brave souls climb to summits high."—*Page 17.*



Let the veil become more thin,
And the glory pierce within.

Make me pure, that I may be
Able to be one with Thee ;
And reveal Thyself, for Thou
Art the thing I long for now :
When the veil at last is riven,
To behold Thee will be Heaven !

WHICH IS BEST ?

IN sheltered gardens valleys lie
 Of peace and rest,
But brave souls climb to summits high
 With bleeding feet,—and which are best ?

'T is not of rest we make our boast
 At set of sun ;
Though great, though small, we value most
 The care, the thought of work well done.

GOD'S ALL-COMPLETE.

HAVE I knowledge ? confounded it shrinks
 at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought ? how purblind, how
 blank, to the Infinite Care !

I but open my eyes, and perfection, no
more and no less,
In the kind I imagine, full-fronts me ; and
God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the
soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I
ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bend-
ing upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect
to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance I climb to His
feet.

.

—What, my soul ! see thus far and no far-
ther ? When doors great and small
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch,
should the hundredth appall ?
In the least things have faith, yet doubt in
the greatest of all ?
Do I find love so full in my nature—God's
ultimate gift—
That I doubt His own love can compete
with it ? Here, the parts shift ?

Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—
the end, what began ?

Would I fain in my impotent yearning do
all for this man,

And dare doubt He alone shall not help
him, Who yet alone can? . . .

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So
wouldst Thou, so wilt Thou !

So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffa-
blest, uttermost crown,

And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor
leave up nor down

One spot for the creature to stand in ! It
is by no breath,

Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation
joins issue with death.

As Thy love is discovered almighty, al-
mighty be proved

Thy power, that exists with and for it, of
being beloved !

He who did most shall bear most : the
Strongest shall stand the most weak.

'T is the weakness in strength that I cry
for, my flesh that I seek

In the Godhead. I seek and I find it.

O Saul, it shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee ; a
Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever :
A Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
thee ! See the Christ stand !

LOVE AND HATE.

I AM strong
In faith and hope and charity ; . . .
Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong,
Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate ;
For Hate is death ; and Love is life,
A peace, a splendor from above ;
And Hate, a never-ending strife,
A smoke, a blackness from the abyss
Where unclean spirits coil and hiss !
Love is the Holy Ghost within,
And Hate the unpardonable sin !
Who preaches otherwise than this
Betrays his Master with a kiss !

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him : Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow :
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead ?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it : Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long :—
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack that joy you may impart ?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone ;
Join it : Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone ;
Why should not your brother share
The strength of “two or three” in prayer ?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a sorrowing brother's eyes,
Share them : and by loving sharing
Own your kinship with the skies ;

Why should any one be glad
When his brother's heart is sad ?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it : 'T is the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place ;
There 's health and goodness in the mirth
Wherein an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so : Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman here
Falter for a word of cheer ?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,
All enriching as you go ;
Leave them : Trust the Harvest-giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until life's happy end,
You shall never lack a Friend.

IF ONLY !

If only we were worthier found
Of the stout ball that bears us round ! .
Might one be healed from fevering
thought,
And only look, each night,
On some plain work well wrought,
Or if a man as right and true might be
As a flower or a tree !
I would give all the mind
In the prim city's hoard can find—
House with its scrap-art bedight,
Straitened manners of the street,
Smooth-voiced society—
If so the swiftness of the wind
Might pass into my feet ;
If so the sweetness of the wheat
Into my soul might pass,
And the clear courage of the grass,—
If the lark caroled in my song,—
If one tithe of the faithfulness
Of the bird-mother with her brood
Into my selfish heart might press,
And make me instinct-good !

HUNGER FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FATHER, I cry to Thee for bread,
With hungered longing, eager prayer ;
Thou hear'st and givest me instead
Mere hunger and a half-despair.

O Lord ! how long ? My days decline,
My youth is lapped in memories old ;
I need not bread alone, but wine,—
See, cup and hand to Thee I hold.

And yet Thou givest ! thanks, O Lord,
That still my heart with hunger faints !
The day will come when at Thy board
I sit, forgetting all my plaints.

If rain must fall and winds must blow,
And I pore long o'er dim-seen chart,
Yet, Lord, let not the hunger go,
And keep the faintness at my heart !

LAST AND BEST.

SOMETIMES, when rude, cold shadows run
Across whatever light I see,—
When all the work that I have done
Or can do seems but vanity ;

I strive, nor vainly strive, to get
Some little heart's-ease from the day
When all the weariness and fret
Shall vanish from my life away ;

For I, with grandeur clothed upon,
Shall lie in state and take my rest,
And all my household, strangers grown,
Shall hold me for an honored guest.

.

What things will be the first to fade,
And down to utter darkness sink ?
The treasures that my hands have laid
Where moth and rust corrupt, I think.

And Love will be the last to wait
And light my gloom with gracious
gleams ;
For Love lies nearer heaven's gate
Than all imagination dreams.

Aye, when my soul its mask shall drop—
The twain to be no more as one,—
Love with its prayers shall bear me up
Beyond the lark's wings and the sun.

AFTER-SONG.

THROUGH love to light ! Oh, wonderful
 the way
 That leads from darkness to the perfect
 day !
 From darkness and from sorrow of the
 night
 To morning that comes singing o'er the
 sea !
 Through love to light ! Through light, O
 God, to Thee,
 Who art the love of love, the eternal light
 of light !

CONTENT.

CONTENT to come, content to go,
 Content to wrestle or to race,
 Content to know or not to know,
 Each in his place.

Lord, grant us grace to love Thee so
 That, glad of heart, and glad of face,
 At last we may sit high or low,
 Each in his place ;

Where pleasures flow as rivers flow,
And loss has left no barren trace,
And all that are, are perfect so
Each in his place !

LEND A HAND.

LEND a hand ! Do not think because
yours is small,
Or because from its fingers no riches may
fall,
It was meant you should render no succor
at all.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,

Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour ;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,—
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to
toil,—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work
assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,

For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and
hand
From thy hand and thy heart and thy
brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to
all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup,
may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Oh ! lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
Oh ! feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh ! strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh ! teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;

And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh ! give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh ! fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh ! use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

SINGING ALL THE WAY.

By meadow bank, by forest glade,
A brooklet flows along ;
And in the sun, and in the shade,
It sings the same sweet song.

A rapid here, a shallow there,
A sand-bar farther on,—

It sings and sparkles everywhere,
As life and song were one.

Sharp rocks and matted stalks it finds
Drawn up to bar its way ;
It widens, narrows, leaps, and winds,
And sings its cheery lay.

It smooths the stones with touches soft
Repeated o'er and o'er ;
It freshens many a crop and croft,
And singeth evermore.

It feeds a fountain's silver spray,
It turns a busy mill ;
And to its work as to its play
Goes singing, singing still.

No thirsty mouth, no drooping crest,
No life so great or small,
But unto each it bares its breast,
And sings its song for all.

And be its way or dark or bright,
It sings and seeks the Sea,
Reflecting every gleam of light :
Lord give such grace to me !

RIVERS AND SEA.

LORD, we are rivers running to Thy sea,
Our waves and ripples all derived from
Thee :
A nothing we should have, a nothing be
Except for Thee.

Sweet are the waters of Thy shoreless sea,
Make sweet our waters that make haste to
Thee ;
Pour in Thy sweetness, that ourselves
may be
Sweetness to Thee.

ALMS.

ONE smile can glorify a day,
One word true hope impart ;
The least disciple need not say
There are no alms to give away,
If love be in the heart.



"Lord, we are rivers running to Thy sea."—*Page* 32.



LOOKING UNTO GOD.

"Who sees God's hand in all things, and all things in God's hand."

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love !
And all is well again :
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrows are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road,—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand ;

Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by untaught ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

COUPLETS.

DOUBLE GAIN.

WITHIN the Eternal Heart I strove to lose
my soul,
And found myself the more, the more I
found the Whole.

NARROWNESS.

To love mankind and not the Man with-
out a peer,
Is like the love of stars when the sun is
shining clear.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY's soft winds my sultry soul
sweep o'er,
As travellers feel sea-breezes ere they
reach the shore.

YET ONWARD.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for precious things
Which Thou into my life hast brought ;
More gratefully my spirit sings
Its thanks for all I yet have not.

How fair to me Thy world has been !
How dear the friends who breathe its
air !

But who can guess what waits within
Thine opening realms, Thy worlds more
fair ?

That which I had has slipped away,
Lost in the abysses of the Past ;
By that I lack I am to-day
Heir of Thine undawned æons vast.

If Thou Thyself at once couldst give,
Then wert Thou not the God Thou art :
To explore Thy secret is to live,
Creation's inexhaustible Heart ! . . .

For veils of hope before Thee drawn,
For mists that hide the immortal coast,
Hid in Thy farthest, faintest dawn,—
My God, for these I thank Thee most.

Joy, Joy ! to see, from every shore
 Whereon my step makes pressure fond,
 Thy sunrise reddening still before !
 More light, more love, more life beyond !

DAY BY DAY.

WALKING with patience where the way is
 rough,
 Resting in quiet when the storm is nigh,
 Knowing that Love Divine is strong enough
 To bear me up, as weary days go by ;
 Trusting that sorrow is but love's disguise,
 And all withholding but another way
 Of making richer by what love denies,—
 So grows the soul a little, day by day.

BEGIN THE DAY.

BEGIN the day with God ;
 He is thy sun and day ;
 He is the radiance of thy dawn,
 To Him address thy lay.

Take thy first meal with God ;
 He is thy heavenly food ;
 Feed with and on Him ; He with thee
 Will feast in brotherhood.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself, above ;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

AT EVENTIME.

To-NIGHT, my soul, be still, and sleep ;
The storms are raging on God's deep—
God's deep, not thine : be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep ;
God's hands shall still the tempest's
sweep—
God's hands, not thine : be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep ;
God's love is strong while night hours
creep.
God's love, not thine : be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep ;
God's heaven will comfort those who
weep—
God's heaven—and thine : be still and
sleep.

EXAMPLE.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low !

COMMON MERCIES.

DEAR Lord, are we ever so thankful,
 As thankful we should be to Thee,
For Thine angels sent down to defend us
 From dangers our eyes never see?—
From perils that lurk unsuspected,
 The powers of earth and of air,
The while we are heaven-protected,
 And guarded from evil and snare?

Are we grateful, as grateful we should be,
For commonplace days of delight,
When safe we fare forth to our labor,
And safe we fare homeward at night ;
For the weeks in which nothing has hap-
pened
Save commonplace toiling and play,
When we 've worked at the tasks of the
household,
And peace hushed the house day by
day ?
Dear Lord, that the terror at midnight—
The weird of the wind and the flame—
Hath passed by our dwelling, we praise
Thee,
We lift up our hearts in Thy Name !
That the circle of darlings unbroken
Yet gathers in bliss round our board,
That commonplace love is our portion,
We give Thee our praises, O Lord !
Forgive us who live by Thy bounty,
That often our lives are so bare
Of the garlands of praise we should render,
All votive and fragrant with prayer ?
Dear Lord, in the sharpness and trouble
We cry from the depth to Thy throne,—

In the long days of gladness and beauty,
Take Thou the glad hearts as Thine
own.

Oh, common are sunshine and flowers,
And common are rain-drop and dew,
And the gay little footsteps of children,
And common the love that holds true :
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
That straight from Thy hand are bestowed,
We are fain to lift up our thanksgiving,—
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed.

SOUL-TUNING.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints forevermore
I shall be made Thy music ; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here
before.

YEA, I HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE.

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep,
Pruning for fruit the pleasant twigs and
leaves :
Tend thou thy cornfield : one day thou
shalt reap
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or, if thine be an orchard, graft and prop
Food-bearing trees each watered in its
place ;
Or if a garden, let it yield for crop
Sweet herbs and herb of grace.

“But if my lot be sand where nothing
grows ?”—
Nay, who hath said it ? Tune a thank-
ful psalm :
For, though thy desert bloom not as the
rose,
It yet can rear thy palm.

[Macmillan, Copyright, 1896.]

RESURGAM.

THE fool asks, "With what flesh? in joy
or pain?

Helped or unhelped? And lonely, or
again

Surrounded by our earthly friends?"

I know not; and I glory that I do

Not know; that for Eternity's great ends
God counted me as worthy of such trust

That I need not be told.

I hold

That if it be

Less than enough for any soul to know
Itself immortal, immortality

In all its boundless spaces will not find
A place designed
So small, so low,

That to a fitting home such soul can go.
Out to the earthward brink
Of that great tideless sea

Light from Christ's garments streams;
Cowards who fear to tread such beams
The angels can but pity when they sink.

Believing thus, I joy although I lie in
dust:



" Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so ;

Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best." —*Page 43.*

I joy, not that I ask or choose,
But simply that I must.

I love and fear not : and I cannot
lose

One instant this great certainty of peace.
Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease :
I must arise.

“EN VOYAGE.”

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone :
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas :
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon a hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way ;
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me—trusting still

That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me—every peril past—
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so :
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

TO FIGHT ALOUD.

To fight aloud is very brave,
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom
The cavalry of woe,—

Who win, and nations do not see,
Who fall, and none observe,
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
For such the angels go,
Rank after rank, with even feet,
And uniforms of snow.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

I NEED not care
If days to come be dark or fair,
If the sweet summer bring delight,
Or bitter winter chill the air.

No thought of mine
Can penetrate the deep design
That forms afar, through buds and bloom,
The purple clusters of the vine.

I do not know
The subtle secret of the snow,
That hides away the violets
Till April teaches them to blow.

Enough for me
Their tender loveliness to see,
Assured that little things and large
Fulfil God's purpose equally.

How this is planned,
Or that, I may not understand ;
I am content, my God, to know,
That all my times are in Thy hand.

Whatever share
Of loss, or loneliness, or care,
Falls to my lot, it cannot be
More than Thy will for me to bear.

And none the less,
Whatever sweet thing comes to bless
And gladden me, Thou art its source,—
The sender of my happiness.

Add this to me,
With other gracious gifts so free,
That I may never turn my face
In any evil hour from Thee;

Nor on the sand
Of shifting faith and feeling stand ;
But wake and sleep with equal trust,
Knowing my times are in Thy hand.

IN PART.

THE winter cometh, whence ?
The winter goeth, whither ?
Lord, Thou didst send it hither,

And Thou wilt call it hence :
Why need we seek to know
How winters come and go,
Since Thou art Daily Providence !

So holden is our sight,
That things to us the nearest,
And hearts to us the dearest,
We cannot read aright :
Our whole is but a part,
The Perfect mocks our art ;
Our bright proves dark, our darkness
bright.

Enough for us to know
That to Thy larger seeing
These broken curves of being
(So dim to us below !)
In perfect circles shine,
In rounded spheres combine,
That in harmonious orbits go.

Enough that Thou dost see
The end in the beginning,
The fabric in the spinning,

In scattered drops the sea !
So may we trust at last,
Earth's fragments overpast,
Parts of Thy perfect Whole to be.

UNCHANGING.

THE lightning and thunder,
They go and they come ;
But the stars and the stillness
Are always at home.

NATURE'S RENEWING.

BENEATH the drifted snow she keeps
Her children safe from harm ;
Each folded germ securely sleeps
In silence sweet and warm.

And when the laughing wind shall break
The bonds of winter's might,
Then from their sleep the flowers shall
wake
To seek the pleasant light.

The Spring-time ever comes. O soul !
Though loosed the silver cord,

And shattered is the golden bowl,
And on the trampled sward

The pitcher at the fountain lies
Beside the broken wheel,
O'er thee shall bend the kindly skies,
And balmy breaths unseal

Death's frosty silence with a kiss
Light as an angel's wing ;
And thou shalt wake 'mid tides of bliss
To hear God's angels sing.

I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks for rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now ;

To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong,—all that is past ;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part,—
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim ;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after Him.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard ;
In the rough marble beauty lies unseen ;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel
keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,

Let not the music that is in us die ;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie !

Spare not the stroke ; do with us as Thou wilt ;

Let there be nought unfinished, broken,
marred ;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become

Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord !

CARE THOU FOR ME.

CARE Thou for me ! let me not care !
Too weak am I, dear Lord, to bear
The heavy burdens of the day ;
And oft I walk with craven feet
Upon life's rough and toilsome way ;—
How sweet to feel, how passing sweet,
Thy watchful presence everywhere !
Care Thou for me ! let me not care !

Care Thou for me ! why should I care,
 And looks of gloomy sadness wear,
 And fret because I cannot see
 (Thy wisdom doth ordain it so)
 The path Thou hast marked out for me ?
 My Father's plan is best, I know,
 It will be light, sometime—somewhere,—
 Care Thou for me ! Why should I care ?

Care Thou for me ! let me not care !
 This, each new day, shall be my prayer :
 Thou who canst read mine inmost heart
 Dost know I am exceeding frail ;
 Both just and merciful Thou art,
 Whose loving kindness ne'er shall fail ;
 My human nature Thou wilt spare,—
 Care thou for me ! I will not care !

THY WILL.

O LORD, fulfil Thy will,
 Be the days few or many, good or ill :

Prolong them, to suffice
 For offering up ourselves, Thy sacrifice ;

Shorten them if Thou wilt,
To make in righteousness an end of guilt.

Yea, they will not be long
To souls who learn to sing a patient song.

Yea, short they will not be
To souls on tiptoe to fly home to Thee.

O Lord, fulfil Thy will :
Make Thy will ours, and keep us patient
still,
Be the days few or many, good or ill.

THE MAN AT THE GATE.

“ I am willing, with all my heart,” said He.
— *The Pilgrim’s Progress.*

IN summer and winter, in calm and storm,
When the morning dawns, when the night
falls late,
We may catch, if we will, the steadfast
form
Of the Man that watches beside the
Gate.

In the early spring, when the voice was
heard
 Of the singing birds in their sweet de-
files,
When the face of the earth once more was
stirred
 By the flowers that came and went like
smiles,

I saw the stars of the morning wait
 On their lofty towers to watch the land,
As a little child stole up to the Gate,
 And knocked with a tiny, trembling
hand :

“ I am only a little child, dear Lord,
 And already my feet are stained with
sin,
But they said you had sent the children
 word
To come to the Gate and enter in.”

The Man at the Gate looked up and
smiled—
A heavenly smile and fair to see,

And He opened and bent to the pleading
child,—
“I am willing, with all My heart,” said
He.

• • • • • • •

It was afternoon, and the sun was low,
And the troubled winds sobbed long
and loud,
As an old man tottered across the snow
Which wrapped the earth in a bitter
shroud :

He knocked with a withered, trembling
hand :
“I can but perish at last,” he said,
“For the cruel night comes fast on the
land,
And the morning will find me cold and
dead.

“O Thou that watchest beside the Gate,
Had I come to Thee in days gone by
Thou hadst received me ; but now too
late,
I lay me down on Thy threshold to die.

“ I have fought and finished an evil fight,
I have earned the deadly wages of sin ;
It is hard to die in the snow to-night,
But no man is willing to take me in.”

The sun was low in the changing West,
The shadows were heavy from hill and
tree,
As the Watchman opened the Gate of
rest,—
“ I am willing, with all My heart,” said
He.

• • • • • • •

“ O, gentle Watchman ! turn Thee now
To rest awhile in the House of God ;
Forget the heavy burdens which bow
The weary of heart in our sad abode :

“ Be it far from Thee to watch all night
For the children of sorrow, and sin, and
shame ;
In the heavenly places the lamps are bright,
And the saints are rising to sing Thy
name.”

But the Watchman turned and looked on me
Till I bent my head adown to weep :
“ Suffer me then to watch with Thee
Alone to-night while the nations sleep ! ”

So I watched with Him through the moonless hours
Of that sweetest night I have ever known,
And His words were as dew on the tender flowers,
And all in the darkness the true Light shone.

We heard the gentle steps of the snow
Coming down from its home at God’s right hand,
As the angels came softly, long ago,
To the fragrant hills of the Holy Land.

And at midnight there came the voice of one
Who had crept to the Gate through the blinding snow,
And who moaned at the Gate as one undone
Might moan at the sight of the last dread Woe.

A woman's voice, and it rose and fell
On the muffled wings of the snowy night,
With a trembling touch that seemed to tell
Of one who was chilled and spent outright.

“ I wove the crown for the Brow divine,
I pierced the Hand that was stretched
to save,
I dare not pray that the moon may shine
To show me the prints of the nails I
drew ;

“ I beat this night on my sinful breast,
I dare not pray Him to succor me” . . .
But the Watchman opened the Gate of
rest,—
“ I am willing, with all my heart,” said
He.

• • • • • • •

Thus day and night they are pressing nigh,
With tears and sighs, to the Heavenly
Gate,

Where the Watchman stands in His majesty,
With a patience that never has said,
“Too late.”

Let the sorrowful children of want and sin
Draw near to the Gate whence none depart ;
Let the nations arise and enter in,
For the Lord is willing, with all His heart.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly :
“Oh, mother, take my hand,” said she,
“And then the dark will all be light.”

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before,
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays ;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.

LIKE THE LARK.

LIKE the lark, like the lark
Cleaving the heavenly arc,
On quivering wings rejoicing,
A vision of sunrise, voicing
And flinging his message o'er open and
cloud
Till the very winds sing aloud,
In the spell of his rapture caught :—
So uprises my thought.

The song of the lark must end,
And the singer descend.
Weary at last in his flight,
The pæan hushed and the sweet throat
dumb,
Sorrowful, shorn of delight,
He must sink—sink—sink and alight ;
Back to earth he must come.

But my thought, but my thought
Abideth, returning not.
For oh ! through the ether rare
It hath soared and trembled and drifted—
Drifted all unaware
Through the shining gates uplifted,
And hath found its harbor there :
For my thought is a prayer.

ANGELS.

IN the old days God sent His angels oft
To men in threshing-floors, to women
pressed
With daily tasks ; they came to tent and
croft,
And whispered words of blessing and of
rest.

Not mine to guess what shapes those angels
wore,
Nor tell what voice they spoke, nor with
what grace
They brought the dear love down that
evermore
Makes lowliest souls its best abiding
place.

But in these days I know my angels well ;
They brush my garments on the common
way,
They take my hand and very softly tell
Some bit of comfort for my weary day.

And though their angel-names I do not
ken,
Though in their faces human love I read,
They are God-given to this world of men,
God-sent to bless it in its hour of need.

Child, mother, wife, brave hearts that take
The rough and bitter cross, and help us
bear
Its heavy weight when strength is like to
break,—
God bless you all, our angels unaware !

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE.

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for
e'en as thy thought
So are the things that thou see'st—e'en
as thy hope and belief.

Cowardly art thou and timid ? they rise to
 provoke thee against them ;
Hast thou courage ? enough, see them
 exulting to yield. . . .

Go from the east to the west, as the sun
 and the stars direct thee ;
Go with the girdle of man, go and en-
 compass the earth :
Not for the gain of the gold, for the get-
 ting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed, but for the
 Duty to do.
Go with the spiritual life, the higher voli-
 tion and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and
 encompass the earth.

Go : say not in thy heart : And what then,
 were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what
 were the use and the good ?
Go : when the instinct is stilled, and when
 the deed is accomplished,
What thou hast done and shalt do, shall
 be declared to thee then.

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet
evermore in thy spirit
Say to thyself : It is good : yet there is
better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I do
is but little,—
Nevertheless it is good, though there is
better than it.

[*Macmillan, Copyright, 1895.*]

BETTER THINGS.

BETTER to love in loneliness
Than bask in love all day ;
Better the fountain in the heart
Than the fountain by the way.

Better to sit at a master's feet
Than thrill a listening state ;
Better suspect that thou art proud
Than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen
Than watch the hour's event ;
Better the *Well-done* at the last
Than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief
Than a hurrying delight ;
Better the twilight of the dawn
Than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done
Than earth's most favored birth ;
Better a child in God's great house
Than the king of all the earth.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that the great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

NEEDLESS FEARS.

WE dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one ;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,
And take the dole we deal,
The law of pain is love alone,
The wounding is to heal.

Unharmed from change to change we glide,
Unharmed as in our dreams ;
The far-off terror, at our side,
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all tender heart
Alike rest great and small :
Why fear to lose our little part
When He is pledged for all ?

START AND GOAL.

WHAT is the beginning? Love. What the course? Love still.

What the goal? The goal is Love on the happy hill.

Is there nothing then but Love, search we sky or earth?

There is nothing out of Love hath perpetual worth:

All things flag but only Love, all things fail or flee;

There is nothing left but Love worthy you and me.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

A RICH man dies—so runs the eastern tale,—

And as he wakes the farther side of death,

“Where wilt thou go?” an angel questioneth,

Putting aside the darkness like a veil.

“And may I choose? Why, that is wondrous kind!

I thought"—he turned as from a subtle
snare :

" Content am I in any place, if there
Good dinners, music, pictures, I can
find."

Straight was he ushered in a palace filled
With all things fair to earthy taste and
sight :

The walls were thick with pictures jewel-
bright,
And music through the sheeny hangings
thrilled.

The richest food was served on golden
plate :

The choicest wine in jewelled goblets
gleamed :

In fancy's wildest hour he had not
dreamed

Of such abounding luxury and state.

Months—years—went on. By each was
something reft
From pleasure's earlier charm, till came
an hour

When concord, color, dainties, lost all
power
To please. Satiety alone was left.

Anon the angel, passing, paused to say :
“ What ! tired so soon ? ” “ So soon ! ”
the man outcried,
“ Thou dost but mock me in thine angel-
pride ;
I have been here a thousand years to-day !

“ And in a thousand years who would not
tire
Of all these things ! ” The angel spake
again
More gravely sweet : “ Thou sayest well :
Amen.
And now, what next doth waken thy de-
sire ? ”

“ I would ”—he paused, then added, wary-
eyed :
“ First, to prevent mistakes, I pray thee
tell

What place is this?" The angel answered : " Hell."

The man stared round on all the sumptuous pride

And luxury and beauty of the place :

" If this be Hell"—he took a humbler tone,—

" I am not fit to enter there, I own,
But might I look on Heaven some small,
brief space?"

The angel took him to a lofty height.

Where he could look at ease. His ravished eyes

Fastened upon the scene with swift surprise,

Nor turned to see his guide had vanished quite.

His gaze, entranced, now lingered here, now there,

Now roved in breathless haste from side to side ;

And ever seemed the view to grow more wide,

And ever seemed the view to be more fair.

He gazed and gazed, the most from sight
to win. . . .

"Art weary yet?"—The angel waited
nigh.

"Disturb me not so soon!" came swift
reply

In pleading tones;—"to look I scarce
begin.

"Leave me a little while, and go thy way."
Answered the angel with a fine, slow
smile :

"'So soon,' sayst thou, and yet 'a little
while'?"

Thou hast been here a thousand years to-
day."

MY PRAYER.

An ear

Quick to hear

Eternal melody;

An eye quick to see

All beauty, Christ, in Thee;

A mouth

Seasoned with charity,

Softer than soft wind of the South;—

Grant these, O Lord, to me!

COMFORTED.

I, even I, am He that comforteth you.—Isa. li., 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
 My heavenly Friend, to me,
 While through the hidden way of faith
 I journey home with Thee,
 Learning by quiet thankfulness
 As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace
 My feet would often stray,
 Thy mercy follows all my steps,
 And will not turn away ;
 Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last
 As none beneath Thee may.

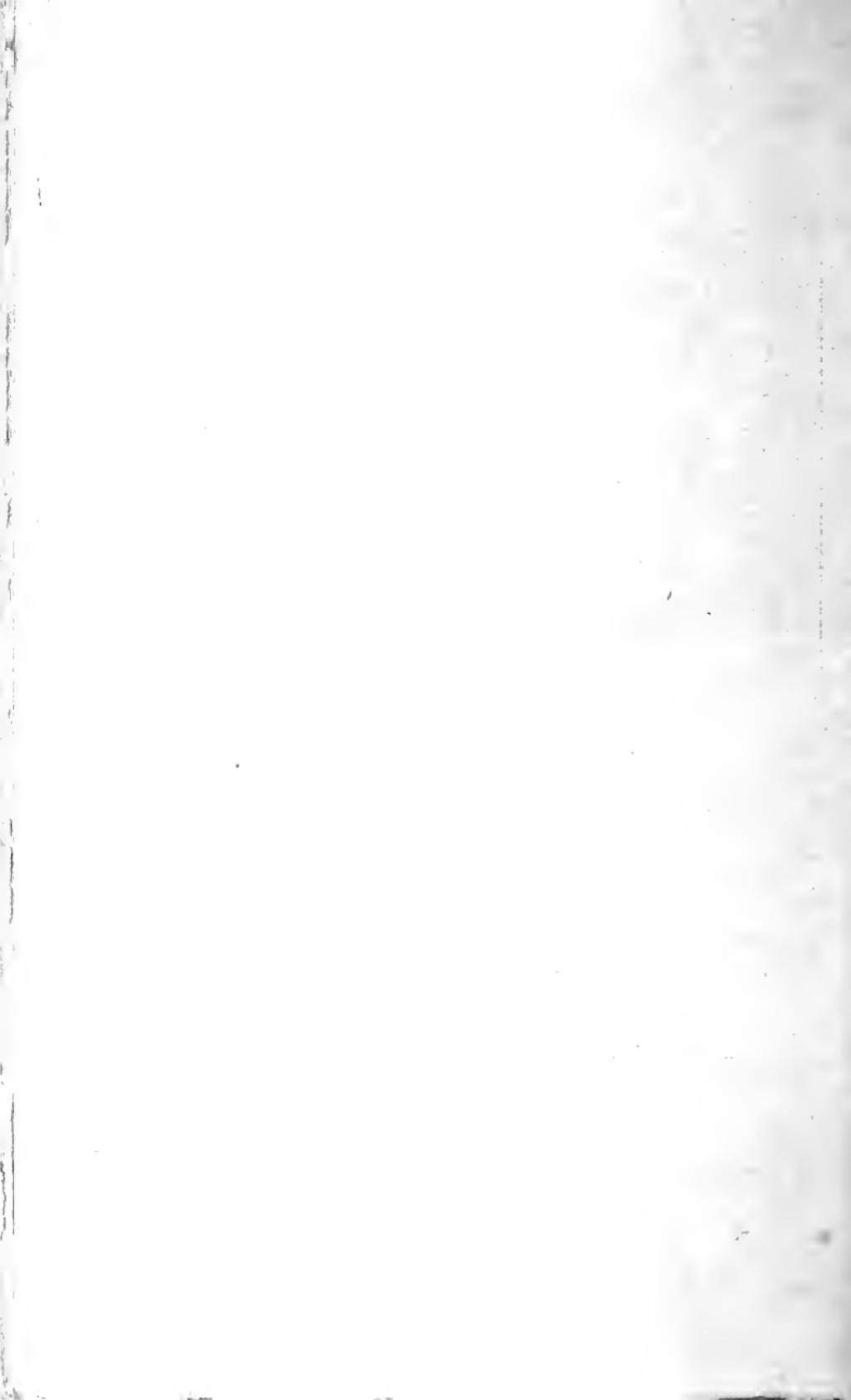
Oft in a dark and lonely place
 I hush my hastened breath,
 To hear the comfortable words
 Thy loving Spirit saith,
 And feel my safety in Thy hand
 From every kind of death.

Oh, there is nothing in the world
 To weigh against Thy will ;



"Oft in a dark and lonely place
I hush my hastened breath,

To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith."—*Page 72.*



Even the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil ;
And when the pleasant morning dawns
I find Thee with me still.

Then, in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My soul is satisfied,
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

THE FOIL.

GOD hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues ; griefs to set off sinning.
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning!

WHAT THOU WILT.

Do what thou wilt ! yes, only do
What seemeth good to Thee :
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,
It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt, or beating shower,
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;
Alike, in still or stormy hour,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt ; and make me learn
Each lesson full and sweet,
And deeper things of God discern
While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt ; and let each word
My quick obedience win ;
Let loyalty and love be stirred
To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt ; for then I know
I shall be rich indeed :
My King rejoices to bestow
Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, beloved Lord,
For I have all in Thee !
My own exceeding great reward,
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be !

THE CHRONICLES OF HOPE.

I WOULD not chronicle my life
By dynasties of joy or pain,
By reigns of peace, or times of strife,
By accidents of loss and gain :
The hopes that, nurtured in my breast,
Have been as very wings to me,
On which existence floats and rests,—
These only shall my eras be.

With equal love I love them all
For their own special sakes, nor care
What sequence here and there might fall,
Each has its sweet memorial share :
Let but my hopes, in coming years,
Preserve their long, unbroken line,
And smiles will shine through any tears,
And grief itself be half-divine.

For not to man on earth is given
 The ripe fulfilment of desire ;—
 Desire of Heaven itself is Heaven,
 Unless the passion faint and tire :
 So upward still, from hope to hope,
 From faith to faith, the soul ascends ;
 And who has scaled the eternal cope,
 Where that sublime accession ends ?

IN THE DARK.

LORD, if there be, as wise men spake,
 No death but only fear of death,
 And when Thy temple seems to shake,
 'Tis but the shaking of our breath,—

Whether by day or night we see
 Clouds where Thy winds have driven
 none,
 Let unto us as unto Thee
 The darkness and the light be one !

SUBSTANCE.

EACH fearful storm that o'er us rolls,
 Each path of peril trod,
 Is but a means whereby our souls
 Acquaint themselves with God.

Our want and weakness, shame and sin,
His pitying kindness prove ;
And all our lives are folded in
The mystery of His love.

His sun is shining sure and vast
O'er all our nights of dread ;
Our darkness by His light at last
Shall be interpreted.

MUTATION.

THEY talk of short-lived pleasures,—be it
so !

Pain dies as quickly : stern, hard-feat-
ured pain

Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign,
And, after dreams of horror, comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of
peace.

Oblivion, softly wiping out the stain,
Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to
cease :

Remorse is virtue's root ; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness :

Thus joy, o'erborne and bound, doth still
release
His young limbs from the chains that
round him press.
Weep not that the world changes—did it
keep
A stable, changless state, 't were cause in-
deed to weep.

OUR LAMPS.

THOU one all-perfect Light !
Our lamps are lit at Thine,
And into darkness as of night
We go to prove they shine.

HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT."

'THE rain may fall in constant showers,
The south-wind tarry on its way,
But through the night and through the
day
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north-wind force him
back,

The song-bird hurries from the South,
With summer's music in his mouth,
And studs with song his airy track.

What then, my soul, if thou must know
Thy days of darkness, gloom and cold,
If joy its ruddy beams withhold,
And grief compels my tears to flow ?

.

As tarry not the flowers of June
For all the ill the heavens can do,
And, to their inmost natures true,
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune ;

So, Father, shall it be with me ;
And whether winds blow foul or fair,
Through want and woe, and toil and
care,
Still will I struggle up to Thee,

That, though my winter days be long,
And brighter skies refuse to come,
My life no less may sweetly bloom,
And none the less be full of song.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE : yet I do not promise
 The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
 And melt in your hand away ;
But another and holier treasure—
 You would now perchance disdain—
Will come when your toil is over,
 And pay you for all your pain.

Wait : yet I do not tell you
 The hour that you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
 And a shadow on its brow ;
Yet far through the misty future,
 With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy that you know not
 Is winging her silent flight.

Pray : though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading—
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;
An answer—not that you long for,
 But diviner—will come one day ;
Your eyes are too dim to see it ;
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray !

RECIPROCATION.

BECAUSE Thy love hath sought me,
All mine is Thine and Thine is mine ;
Because Thy blood hath bought me,
I will not be mine own, but Thine.

I lift my heart to Thy Heart—
Thy Heart, sole resting-place for mine ;
Shall Thy Heart crave for my heart,
And shall not mine crave back for
Thine ?

SWEETNESSES.

SWEET, so sweet, it is to know,
All my life for me is planned !
Not by chance my roses blow,
Falls my rain or drifts my snow,
Each is measured by Thy hand.

Sweet, so sweet, it is to see
All that 's best of earth is mine ;
As the blossom for the bee,
Earth's wide beauty is for me,
Yielding honey pure and fine.

Sweeter still it is to trust,
When these present joys are past—
Turned to dream or turned to dust,
As all earthly pleasures must,—
Better things are kept for last.

Sweeter sweetesses remain
For the soul that trusts in Thee,—
Stars that rise but never wane,
Joys that fade not into pain,
Light that makes all mysteries plain,
Love that loveth endlessly.

THE SOWER.

A SOWER went forth to sow ;
His eyes were dark with woe ;
He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,
That prayed for pity everywhere.
He came to a field that was harried
By iron, and to heaven laid bare ;
He shook the seed that he carried
O'er that brown and bladeless place.

He shook it, as God shakes hail
Over a dooméd land,
When lightnings interlace
The sky and the earth, and His wand
Of love is a thunder-flail.
Thus did that Sower sow ;
His seed was human blood,
And tears of women and men.
And I, who near him stood,
Said : When the crop comes, then
There will be sobbing and sighing,
Weeping and wailing and crying,
Flame, and ashes, and woe.

II.

IT was an autumn day
When next I went that way.
And what, think you, did I see ?
What was it that I heard ?
What music was in the air ?—
The song of a sweet-voiced bird ?
Nay—but the songs of many,
Thrilled through with praise and prayer.
Of all those voices not any
Were sad of memory ;

But a sea of sunlight flowed,
A golden harvest glowed,
And I said : Thou only art wise,
God of the earth and skies !
And I praise Thee, again and again,
For the Sower whose name is Pain.

WORSHIP.

“ Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this : to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”

O BROTHER man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other—
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was “doing good” ;



"Give me the ear, my God, to hear
The songs the angels sing me!"—*Page 85.*

2. The authorship of the book

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's
temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

A CANTICLE OF TIME.

SLOWLY the hours
Gather to years ;
They deal with our tears—
That grief be not vain—
Gently as flowers
Deal with the rain.
Slowly the hours
Gather to years,
Sowing with roses
The graves of our fears.
Lo ! the dark crosses
Of torture's completeness
Mistily fade into
Symbols of sweetness,
And behold it is evening.

SPIRITUAL SENSES.

GIVE me the ear, my God, to hear
The songs the angels sing me !
Give me the eyes that shall descry
With joy the joys they bring me !

To my poor heart the power impart
To know that Thou art near me,
And let love listen to the Christ
Who longs with love to cheer me.

Oh, for the ear that, hearkening
In stillness rapt and holy,
Misses no undertone of song
Howe'er so soft and lowly,—
The ear that notes the mystic psalms
The mystic choirs are singing,—
God louder in His silences
Than clouds their thunder flinging !

O, for the eye that out beyond
The stars spies others gleaming,
That scans the Unbeheld as real,
The Seen as only seeming ;
The eye that earthly blindness helps
To spiritual seeing,
And deep within the inmost finds
The richer, fuller being !

LOVE.

LOVE bade me welcome ; yet my soul
drew back,

Guilty of dust and sin :
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow
slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked anything.

“A guest,” I answered, “worthy to be
here.”

Love said, “You shall be he.”
“I, the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.”

Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply :
“Who made the eyes but I ?”

“Truth, Lord, but I have marred them :
let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.”

“And know you not,” says Love, “Who
bore the blame ?”

“My dear, then will I serve.”
“You must sit down,” says Love, “and
taste my meat.”
So I did sit and eat.

OPPOSITION.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more ; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The lute's fixt fret, that runs athwart
The strain and purpose of the string,
For governance and nice consort
Doth bar his wilful wavering.

The dark hath many dear avails,
The dark distils divinest dews ;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
With dream, and with the heavenly
Muse.

What grace may lie within the chill
Of favor frozen fast in scorn !
When Good's a-freeze, we call it Ill !
This rosy time is glacier-born.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain thou not, O heart ; for these
Bank in the current of the will
To uses, arts, and charities.

MANNA.

THE times of old bright pictures bring ;
We give them little heed :—
That clamoring host, that small, white
thing,
Like coriander seed,

Found, though they never saw it fall,
When the dew left the land,
Are precious types to us, to all,
Of God's sustaining hand ;—

Are types of faith in Christ above
That day by day returns,
Hangs on the fulness of His love,
Receives, but ever yearns,—

Of grace that feeds our inward part,
Renewed, but still the same,—
The small thing leavening all the heart,
We saw not whence it came.

They sought each morn their measure
sweet,
The food their Lord had given ;—
Come we each day to Jesus' feet,
And find the Bread of Heaven.

GIVING.

To Give is better than to Know or See :
And both are means, and neither is the
end :
Knowing and Seeing, if none call thee
friend,
Beauty and knowledge have done nought
for thee.

For who gives, giving, doth win back his gift :
And knowledge by division grows to
more :
Who hides the Master's talent shall die
poor,
And starve at last of his own thankless
thrift.

I did this for another ; and, behold !
My work hath blood in it ; but thine
hath none :
Done for thyself, it dies in being done :
To what thou buyest thou thyself art sold.

Give thyself utterly away. Be lost.
Choose someone, something : not thy-
self, thine own :

Thou canst not perish ; but, thrice
greater grown—

Thy gain the greater where thy loss was
most—

Thou in another shalt thyself new-find :
The single globule, lost in the wide sea,
Becomes an ocean. Each identity
Is greatest in the greatness of its kind.

Who serves for gain—a slave—by thank-
less pelf
Is paid : who gives himself is priceless,
free.

I gave myself, a man, to God : lo ! He
Renders me back, a saint, unto myself.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON.

IF I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness ;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning-face ;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain ;

Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake !
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in !

SENSITIVENESS.

TIME was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong ;
I would not brave the sacred fight
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside ;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led,—
Men count my haltings o'er,—
I know them, yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

A GRATEFUL HEART.

LAST night I stole away alone, to find
A mellow crescent setting o'er the sea,
And lingered in its light while over me
Blew fitfully the grieving autumn wind.

And somewhat sadly to myself I said :
“Summer is gone !” and watched how
bright and fast
Through the moon’s track the little
waves sped past,—
“Summer is gone ! her golden days are
dead.”

Regretfully I thought : “Since I have trod
Earth’s ways with willing or reluctant
feet,
Never did season bring me days more
sweet,
Crowned with rare joys and precious gifts
from God.

“And they are gone : they will return no
more.”
The slender moon went down, all red
and still ;

The stars shone clear, the silent dews
fell chill ;
The waves with ceaseless murmur washed
the shore.

A low voice spake : “ And wherefore art
thou sad ?

Here in thy heart all summer folded lies,
And smiles in sunshine though the
sweet time dies :

‘T is thine to keep forever fresh and glad ! ”

Yea, gentle voice, though the fair days
depart,

And skies grow cold above the restless
sea,

God’s gifts are measureless, and there
shall be

Eternal summer in the grateful heart.

WAIT.

Joy, what art thou ? tell me,
Though I know thee well.
“ Wait awhile,” said Sorrow,
“ Wait, and *I* will tell.”

Life, what art thou ? tell me,
Though I draw thy breath.
“ Wait, and *I* will answer,
Wait awhile,” said Death.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea !
Wherein our souls at last must fall,
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes ;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold’st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toilworn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee !

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once
my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death ;
If I deny the things past finding out ;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the
place
Within me where He dwelt in power and
grace,
What do I gain by that I have undone ?

MY FIELD.

I WILL not wrong thee, O To-day,
With idle longing for To-morrow,
But patient plough my field, and sow
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the rosy light
That melts the cloud's repellent edges,
The still unfolding, bud by bud,
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.

I breathe His breath ; my life is His ;
The hand He nerves knows no defrauding ;
The Lord will make this joyless waste
Wave with the wheat of His rewarding.

Of His rewarding ! Yes ; and yet
Not mine a single blade nor kernel ;
The seed is His, the quickening His,
The care unchanging and eternal.

His, too, the harvest-song shall be,
When He who blest the barren furrow
Shall thrust His shining sickle in,
And reap my little field To-morrow.

TO ALL WHO CLIMB.

Not only those above us on the height
With love and reverence I greet ;
Not only those who walk in paths of light
With glad, untiring feet ;
These, too, I reverence, toiling up the
slope,
And resting not upon their rugged way,
Who plant their feet on faith and cling to
hope,
And climb as best they may.

And even these I praise—who, being weak,
Were led by folly into deep disgrace—
Now striving on a pathway rough and bleak
To gain a higher place :
For wisely have they done and passing well
To choose what seemed a dim and dreary
way,
And upward from the choking depths of hell
To climb as best they may.

O struggling souls ! be brave and full of
cheer,
Nor let your holy purpose swerve or
break ;

The way grows smoother and the light
more clear

With every step you take.

Lo ! in the upward path God's boundless
love

Supports you evermore upon your way ;
You cannot fail to reach the heights above,
Who climb as best you may !

"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINFOLDED and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand ;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope :
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,—
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil—

" Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;

Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road ;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long—so long !
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,—
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
 “Not as I will.”

“Not as I will :” the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
“Not as I will :” the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought
 steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
“Not as I will,” because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil—
 “Not as we will.”

SELF-EXAMINATION.

By all means use sometimes to be alone :
Salute thyself ; see what thy soul doth
wear.

Dare to look into thy chest, for 't is thine
own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st
there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors
his mind.

A SONG BY THE WAY.

Be the sky blue or be the sky gray,
The evil is always enough for the day ;

And, be it unthought-of or understood,
As is the evil, so is the good.

Be the heart heavy or be the heart light,
It is better to walk by faith than sight.

Be the path easy, or never so hard,
Infinite Love is the guide and guard :

And be the path sunny, or dark and dim,
Sweet is the way if it lead to Him.

The pilgrims, be we or high or low,
Never again on this path we go :

And wear we garments or rich or poor,
At last we enter the same low door.

Swift be the journey, or long and slow,
Endeth it there or ere we know :

And be the Afterward dark or bright,
We pass forever from mortal sight.

Draughts by the way, be they bitter or
sweet,
Little it matters, for both are fleet :

But blessed is he, when that door is past,
Who findeth the best wine kept for last.

SNOW-BLOOM.

WHERE does the snow go,
So white on the ground ?
Under May's azure
No flake can be found.

Look into the lily
Some sweet summer hour ;
There blooms the snow
In the heart of the flower.

Where does the love go,
Frozen to grief ?
Along the heart's fibres
Its cold thrill is brief.
The snow-fall of sorrow
Turns not to dry dust ;
It lives in white blossoms
Of patience and trust.

CONSIDER THE RAVENS.

LORD, according to Thy words,
I have considered Thy birds ;
And I find their life good,
And better the better understood :

Sowing neither corn nor wheat,
They have all that they can eat ;
Reaping no more than they sow,
They have all that they can stow ;
Having neither barn nor store,
Hungry again, they eat no more.

Considering, I see, too, that they
Have a busy life, and plenty of play ;
In the earth they dig their bills deep,
And work well though they do not heap ;
Then, to play in the air they are not loath,
And their nests between are better than
both.

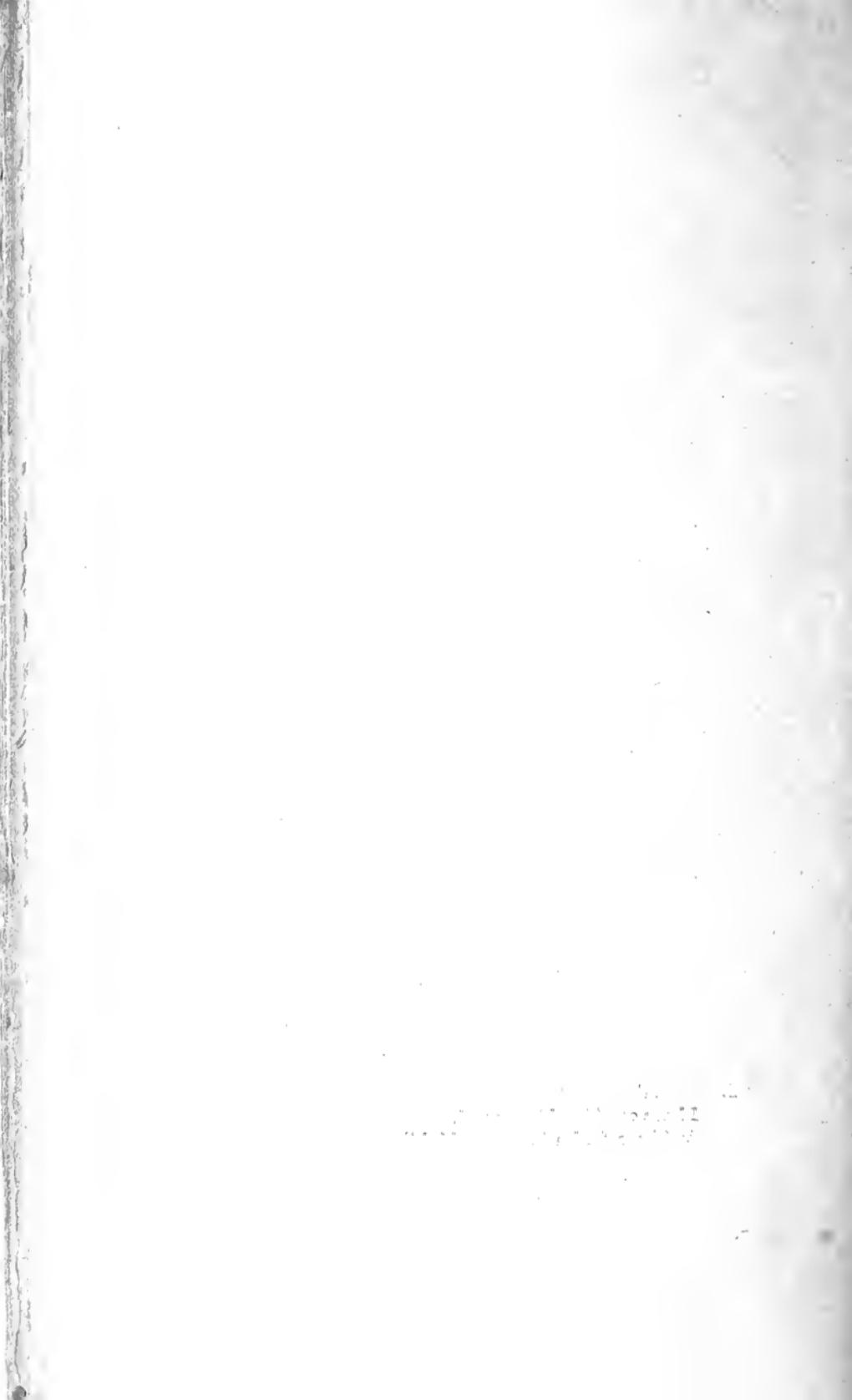
But this is when there blow no storms,
When berries are plenty in winter, and
 worms ;
When their feathers are thick, and oil is
 enough
To keep the cold out and the rain off :
If there should come a hard frost,
Then it looks as Thy birds were lost.

But I consider further, and I find
A hungry bird has a free mind ;
He is hungry to-day, not to-morrow ;
Steals no comfort, no grief doth borrow ;
This moment is his, Thy will hath said it,
The next is nothing till Thou hast made
 it.

The bird has pain, but has no fear,
Which is the worst of any gear ;



"It cometh therefore to this, Lord,
I have considered Thy word,
And henceforth will be Thy bird."—*Page 105.*



When cold and hunger and harm betide him,
He gathers them not to stuff inside him ;
Content with the day's ill he has got,
He waits just, nor haggles with his lot ;
Neither jumbles God's will
With driblets from his own still.

But next I see, in my endeavor,
Thy birds here do not live forever ;
That cold or hunger, sickness or age,
Finishes their earthly stage ;
The rook drops without a stroke,
And never gives another croak ;
Birds lie here and birds lie there,
With little feathers all astare ;
And in Thy own sermon, Thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow.

It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, Thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed ;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace.

It cometh therefore to this, Lord,
I have considered Thy word,
And henceforth will be Thy bird.

A PRAYER.

I ASK not that for me the plan
 Of good or ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
 Be nobly borne and glorified.

And that, though it be mine to know
 How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
 About the places of my dreams.

AWEARY.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite
 Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity,—
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
 Weary of me !

And hate against myself I often bear,
 And enter with myself in fierce debate :
Take Thou my part against myself, nor
 share
In that just hate !

Best friends might loathe us, if what
things perverse
We know of our own selves they also
knew :
Lord, Holy One, if Thou who knowest
worse
Shouldst loathe us too !

TWO WAYFARERS.

ONE with a sudden cry
Crieth : "O Lord ! and whence is this to
me,
That in my daily pathway I should see
Even Thee, my Lord, coming nigh
With Thy still face and fair,
And the divine deep sorrow in Thine eyes,
And Thy eternal arms stretched loving-
wise,
As on the Cross they were ?

" If I had only known
How I should meet Thee this day face to
face,
I had made all my life a praying-place
For this hour's sake alone :

Now am I poor indeed :
 I who have gathered all things most for-
 lorn,—
 Pale earthly loves, and roses wan with
 thorn,—
 See how my weak hands bleed ! ”

ONE bendeth low, and saith :
 “ Lo, My hands bleed likewise, and I am
 God :
 Come, heart of Mine ! wilt tread the path
 I trod,
 The desert way of death ?
 Come, bleeding hands, and take
 My thorns that bring new toil and weariness,
 Days of gray pain and nights of sore distress,
 Come, for My great love’s sake !

“ Yet if thou fearest to come,
 Speak ! I can give thee fairest earthly
 things—
 Love, and sweet peace in shelter of love’s
 wings,
 By pleasant paths of home,—
 And thou wilt still be Mine.
 Choose thou thy path ! My way is dark, I
 know,

Yet through the moaning wind, and rain
and snow,
My feet should go with thine."

One groweth wan and gray ;
Dieth a space the trembling heart in him ;
Then he doth lift his weary eyes and dim,
With ashen lips doth say :
" With Thee the desert sands !
How could I turn from Thee, Thou Flower
of Pain !
Or trouble Thee with weepings loud and
vain,
And wringing of the hands ?

" If the rose were my share,
And Thine the thorn, how could I lift
mine eyes
One day in gold-green fields of Paradise,
To Thine eyes dreamy fair
That muse on Calvary ?
Under the sad straight brows Thy gaze
would say :
" Now, heart ! in what dark hour of night
or day
Hast thou kept watch with Me ?"

THY LIGHT.

LORD, send Thy light
Not only in the darkest night,
But in the shadowy, dim twilight,
Wherein my strained and aching sight—
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right—
Then send Thy light !

Teach me to pray
Not only in the morning gray,
Or when the moonbeam's silver ray
Falls on me—but at high noonday,
When pleasure beckons me away,
Teach me to pray !

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of Hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas !
Makes him to see times while they pass
As in a dim or tinted glass :

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its power of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
That leave your spirit bound and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more,—though, free from seeming
harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere Memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise :
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies :

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-renewing thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future meed ;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
 Is to develop, not destroy,
 Far better than a barren Joy.

KINDLINESS.

BE useful where thou livest, that they may
 Both want and wish thy pleasing pres-
 ence still :

Kindness, good parts, great places, are the
 way

To compass this : Find out men's wants
 and will,

And meet them there. All wordly joys go
 less

To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O GOD! whose thoughts are brightest light,
 Whose love runs always clear,
 To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
 Amidst their sins are dear !—

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth that does not shine. . . .

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by Thee, O Lord,
This truth dawns on my mind,—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind. . . .

I need Thy mercy for my sin ;
But more than this I need,—
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul,
For others' sin to bleed.

'T is not enough to weep my sins ;
'T is but one step to heaven ;
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world
Of golden ether bright,

A heaven where other souls might float,
Like all Thy worlds, in light !

All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee :
Sweet God ! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me !

ITS COST.

O DEAR Lord ! we know what death is
worth :
Thou diedst in woe and pain upon the
Cross ;
Out of Thy death man's freedom had its
birth,
And for his gain Thou gavest all Thy
loss.

MY GOODS.

My all I carry with me everywhere :
The presence of the Lord on land and
sea,
The love of dear ones close enfolding
me,—

My patrimony, these : and, blest, I bear
For pictures, eyes to which the world is
 fair ;
For book, the nearest thing, whate'er
 it be ;
For gold, the mind that scorns its sov-
 ereignty ;
For bed of ease, a soul God-freed from
 care.
For work, I have the task that near me
 lies ;
For tools, I have my hands, my tongue,
 my brain ;
For comrades in my toil, the trees, the
 skies ;
 And wide Eternity is my domain !
I 'll not exchange the very least of these
For all the wealth in all the lands and seas.

OPEN THY HEART.

ADMIT into thy silent breast
 The notes of but one bird,
And instantly thy soul will join
 In jubilant accord.

The perfume of a single flower
Inhale like breath of God,
And in the garden of thy heart
A thousand buds will nod.

Toward one star in heaven's expanse
Direct thy spirit's flight,
And thou wilt have in the wide world,
My child, enough delight.

FATE ?—GOD.

INAUDIBLE voices call us, and we go ;
Invisible hands restrain us, and we stay ;
Forces unfelt by our dull senses sway
Our wavering wills, and hedge us in the
way
We call our own, because we do not know.

We creep reluctant through Pain's dark-
ened room
To greet Life's dearest joy the other
side ;
We linger, laughing, where the ways di-
vide,
Saying, "So choose I," while we front,
blind-eyed,

Danger's red signal, yea, black, imminent
doom !

We knock impatient on To-morrow's
door,

Behind which Sorrow sits, nor evermore
Shall anything be as it was before,

Nor sweet To-day's unheeded rose re-
bloom.

Are we, then, slaves of ignorant circum-
stance ?

Nay, God forbid ! We have the heav-
enly Guide,

The Lamp of Life, the Way both sure
and tried ;

If we but walk therein, nor stray out-
side,

God holds the world, not blind, unreason-
ing Chance.

LONGING.

I LONG for joy, O Lord ; I long for Thee ;
I long for all Thou profferest to me ;
I long for the unimagined manifold
Abundance laid up in Thy treasury.

I long for pearls, but not from mundane
sea ;
 I long for palms, but not from earthly
mould :—
 Yet in all else I long for, long for Thee,
 Thyself to hear and worship and be-
 hold,—
 For Thee, beyond the splendor of that
 day
 Where all is day and is not any night,—
 For Thee, beyond refreshment of that
 rest
 To which tired saints press on for its
 delight :
 Or if not thus for Thee, yet Thee I pray
 To make me long so till Thou make
 me blest.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
 God's meekest Angel gently comes ;
 No power has he to banish pain,
 Or give us back our lost again ;
 And yet in tenderest love our dear
 And Heavenly Father sends him here.



"To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes."—*Page 118.*



There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance,
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he cannot cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear,
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day !—
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, " Be resigned ;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! "

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought ;
Lord, for the wicked will,
Betrayed and baffled still ;

For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept !

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer ;
 For pain, death, sorrow sent
 Unto our chastisement,—
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude !

GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single
 bound :
We build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted
 skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
 round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our
feet,
By what we have mastered of good and
gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion
slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly
meet.

“MANY MEMBERS.”

SELFISH good may not befall
Any man, or great or small :
Best for one is best for all.

THE WAKING HEART.

I AM weary with toil and with ache,
And I sleep, for the night-time is long,
And the great sea of darkness doth break
On the world with a low slumber-song ;
But my heart yieldeth not to the spell :—
As its life-tide upheaveth my breast,
So its love-tide unebbing doth swell
With a longing that knoweth not rest.

I sleep, but my heart is awake :
Through the shimmering veil of my
dreams
Come the murmur of rushes and brake,
The sighing of wandering streams,
The whisper of leaves that are stirred
By the touch of the breeze's soft wing,
The note of a brown, brooding bird—
But where is the voice of my King !

I sleep, but my heart is awake
To catch the first sound of His tread,
Ere the night's folded shadows shall break
Into dawn-roses golden and red ;
To rise ere He comes to the door,
And wide open ere He can call,
And kneel in awed rapture before
My Saviour, my King, and my All.

I sleep, but my heart is awake :
O dreams, be ye sombre or bright,
What soul at your terrors would quake,
Or yet in your brightness delight—
So quickly your mists will give place,
So silently break and retreat,
At the sight of His glorious face,
At the sound of His beauteous feet !

I sleep, but my heart is awake :
 Come quickly, O Saviour and King !
Thy coming my morning will make,
 Thy smile is the day's shining spring.
At morning, at evening, at noon,
 Thee, sleeping or waking, I wait ;
Thou can't not come ever too soon,
 Thou wilt not come ever too late.

YOU THREE.

I TALKED with you to-day, all three
 (Two of you lurked unseen)—
Yourself, the boy you used to be,
 And the man you might have been.

You said that hope to dead leaves turned,
 That love was but a gleam,
Ambition soon to ashes burned,
 Joy was a fleeting dream.

You never knew that silently
 They smiled at you unseen,—
The ardent boy you used to be,
 And the man you might have been.

YOUR FAULT.

No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low,
For God hath writ all dooms magnificent,
So guilt not traverses His tender will.

THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

THERE are days of silent sorrow
 In the seasons of our life ;
There are wild, despairing moments,
 There are hours of mental strife ;
There are times of mental anguish,
 When the tears refuse to fall,
But the waiting time, my brothers,
 Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
 Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
 For a moment lay us low ;
We may rise again beneath it,
 None the weaker for the fall ;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
 Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And the garb of hope grows threadbare
Till the brightest tints are flown ;
Then, amid youth's radiant tresses,
Silent snows begin to fall ;
Oh ! the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

But at last we learn the lesson
That God knoweth what is best ;
And with wisdom cometh patience,
And with patience cometh rest.
Yea, a golden thread is shining
Through the tangled web of fate ;
And our hearts shall thank Him meekly
That He taught us how to wait.

THE HUMAN CRY.

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou
and in Thee ;
We feel we are something—that also has
come from Thee :
We know we are nothing—but thou wilt
help us to be :
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah !

NOVEMBER AND APRIL.

THE dead leaves their mosaics
 Of olive and gold and brown
Had laid on the rain-wet pavement,
 Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the autumn tem-
 pest ;
They were trod by hurrying feet ;
And the maids came out with their be-
 soms
And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever,
 'Neath the wheels, in the black mire,
lost,—
The summer's precious darlings,
 Nourished at such a cost.

O words that have fallen from me !
 O golden thoughts and true !
Must I see in the leaves a symbol
 Of the fate that awaiteth you ?

Again has come the spring-time,
 With the crocus's golden bloom,

And the smell of the fresh-turned mould,
And the violet's perfume.

O gardener, tell the secret
Of these hues and odors sweet !—
“ I have only brought to my garden
The black mire from the street.”

COMMONPLACE.

“ A COMMONPLACE life,” we say, and we sigh ;

But why should we sigh as we say ?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings.

But dark were the world and sad were our lot

If the flowers had failed and the sun shone not ;

And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace things makes His beautiful whole.

ART VOGLER.

[*After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention.*]

WELL, it is gone at last, the palace of music
I reared ;
Gone ! and the good tears start, the
praises that come too slow ;
For one is assured at first—one scarce can
say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought—the
gone thing was to go.
Never to be again !—“ But many more of
the kind
As good, nay better, perchance,”—is
this your comfort to me ?
To me, who must be saved because I cling
with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same
God : ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the
ineffable Name ?
Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not
made with hands !

What, have fear of change from Thee who
art ever the same ?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart
that Thy power expands ?

There shall never be one lost good : What
was shall live as before ;

'The evil is null, is naught, is silence im-
plying sound ;

What was good shall be good, with far
evil so much good more ;

On the earth the broken arcs ; in the
heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed
of good shall exist,—

Not its semblance, but itself ;—no
beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-
vives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of
an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic
for earth too hard,

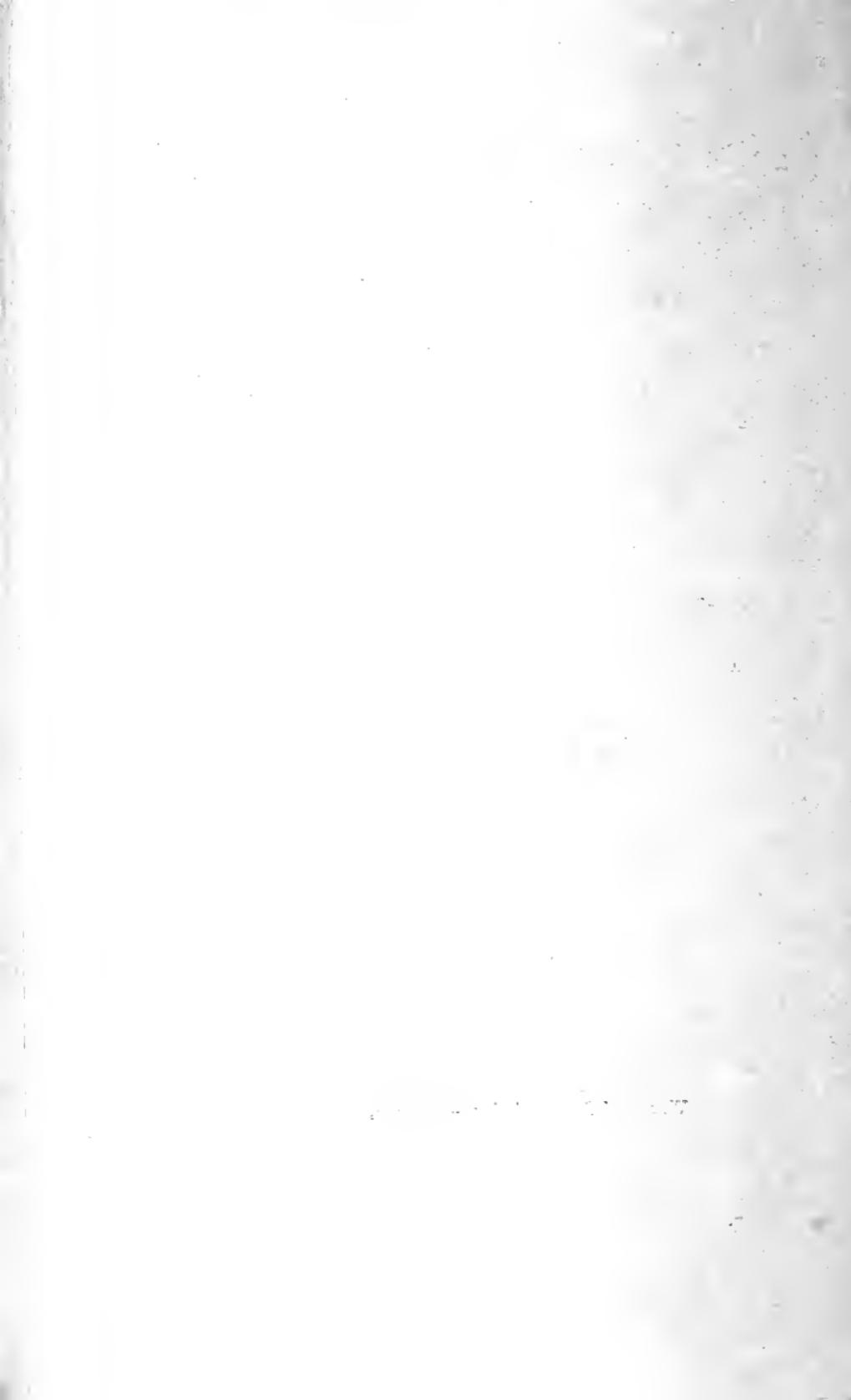
The passion that left the ground to lose
itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover
and the bard :
Enough that He heard it once : we shall
hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a tri-
umph's evidence
For the fulness of the days ? Have we
withered or agonized ?—
Why else was the pause prolonged but that
singing might issue thence ?
Why rushed the discords in but that
harmony should be prized ?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow
to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme
of the weal and woe ;
But God has a few of us whom He whis-
pers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome : 't is
we musicians know.



Work and Contemplation.—*Page 131.*



WORLDLY PLACE.

Even in a palace life may be led well !

• • • • • • •
*Even in a palace ! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever
came ;*

*And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I 'll stop, and say : " There were no succor
here !*

The aids to noble life are all within."

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad, or barcarole ;
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
More than of her flax ; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian Church—that we
may do

Our Father's business in these temples
mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and
strong ;
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pur-
sue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove
our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

IN a dry old mow that was once, alas !
A living glory of waving grass,
A cricket made merry one winter's day,
And answered me this in a wondrous way
When I cried half-sharply : “ Thou poor
old thing !
How canst thou sit in the dark and sing
When for all thy pleasure of youth thou
starvest ? ”—
“ I 'm the voice of praise that came in
with the harvest.”

I went away in the silent wood,
And down in a deep, brown solitude,

Where nothing blossomed and nothing
stirred,

Uprose the note of a little bird.

“Why carollest thou in the death of the
year,

Where nobody travelleth by to hear ?”—

“I sing to God, though there be no comer,
Praise for the past and the promise of
summer.”

I stopped by a brook that, overglossed
With icy sheathing, seemed prisoned fast ;
Yet there whispered in a continual song
From the life underneath that urged along :
“O blind little brook, what canst thou
know

Whither thou runnest ? why chantest so ?”

“I don’t know what I may find or be,
But I’m praising for this—I am going to
see !”

NOT CONCLUSION.

THIS world is not conclusion ;
A sequel stands beyond,
Invisible as music,
But positive as sound.

It beckons and it baffles ;
 Philosophers don't know ;
 And through a riddle at the last
 Sagacity must go.

To prove it puzzles scholars :
 To gain it, men have worn
 Contempt of generations,
 And crucifixion borne.

GOD KNOWS.

WHO knows ? God knows ; and what He
 knows
 Is well and best.
 The darkness hideth not from Him, but
 glows
 Clear as the morning or the evening rose
 Of east or west.

Wherefore man's strength is to sit still :
 Not wasting care
 To antedate to-morrow's good or ill ;
 Yet watching meekly, watching with good
 will,
 Watching to prayer.

Some rising or some setting ray
From east or west,
If not to-day, why, then another day,
Will light each dove upon the homeward
way
Safe to her nest.

MATTHEW, VII., 9.

THE homely words, how often read !
How seldom fully known !
Which father of you, asked for bread,
Would give his child a stone ?

How oft hath bitter tears been shed,
And heaved how many a groan,
Because Thou wouldest not give for bread
The thing that was a stone !

How oft the child Thou wouldest have fed
Thy gift away has thrown !
He prayed : Thou heardst and gav'st the
bread ;
He cried : It is a stone !

Lord, if I ask in doubt and dread
Lest I be left to moan,
I am the man who, asked for bread,
Would give his son a stone.

MY ENEMY.

I HAVE an enemy. And shall he be
A useless thorn to vex and weary me ?
A dominant discord in life's perfect strain,
Marring my dreams, turning my joy to
 pain,
Molding my life to his malicious whim ?
Shall he be lord of me, or I of him ?

A bitter stream may turn the mill-wheel
 round ;
A thorny tree may burn to heat and
 light ;
And out of shameful wrong may spring the
 flower
 Of perfect right.

• • • • •
Because my enemy hath eyes that watch
 With sleepless malice while I come and
 go,
My days shall own no act I would not
 wish
 The world to know.

Because my enemy doth hourly wield
 Some subtle snare to trip me every day,

My feet shall never for one moment leave
The straight and narrow way.

Because my enemy doth hate me sore,
I fix my gaze beyond him and above,
And lift as shield to all his fiery darts
A heart of love.

And of my enemy I thus shall make
A beacon-light to light me to my goal,
A faithful guardian of my house of life,
A spur and whip to urge my laggard soul ;
And though our strife may never have an
end,
I yet might call this enemy my friend.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

GETHSEMANE

Denied our Lord all human sympathy ;
And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for others' sake,
Smiling the while lest loving hearts should
break
For our relief.

O Hearts that faint
Beneath your burden great, but make no
plaint,
Lift up your eyes !
Somewhere beyond, the life you give is
found ;
Somewhere, we know, by God's own hand
is crowned
Love's sacrifice.

IN QUIET WAYS.

GOD scatters love on every side
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst unlooked-for into high-souled
deeds,
With wayside beauty rife. . .

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this. . . .

Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows
broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse
streams
From the great heart of God.

NONE OTHER.

NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or
sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and
shame,
None beside Thee.

My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me ;
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life, though I be dead ;
Love's fire Thou art however cold I be ;
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my
head,
Nor home, but Thee.

THE SONG OF THE WATCHERS.

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice . . . together shall they sing.—Isa. lii., 8.

THE watch is long, the watch is late,
But yet it is not lonely,
For we who for His coming wait
 Think of His brightness only.
We feel a gladness through the gloom,
A silvern peace upspringing ;
We watch as by an empty tomb,
 And stay our souls with singing.

We sing sweet songs of hope and cheer
 That voice the faith of ages,
The songs of souls that knew not fear,
 Of martyrs, prophets, sages :—
We talk of all His wondrous love,
 We tell His wondrous story—
The wonder-works and words that prove
 Him Lord of Life and glory.

From time to time His loving voice
 Calls out our best and dearest ;
We weep, and yet would fain rejoice,
 Knowing He then comes nearest.

They pass into the silent glooms,
We see no more their faces ;
Full soon His gentle peace illumes
And fills the vacant places.

The watch is long, the watch is late,
But hope grows strong and stronger,—
A little longer yet to wait—
Only a little longer—
And all this night shall turn to day,
And all this dark to splendor,
And joy, grown richer by delay,
Make full and fair surrender.

The hills around Jerusalem
Stand dusky, lonely, pining,—
We think how beautiful on them
His feet will soon be shining !
The Sun of Righteousness will rise
With wings of balmy healing,
With cheer for hearts and light for eyes
That wait for His revealing.

For He !—but here the song grows faint,
To sweeter silence fleeing ;
What mortal strain hath power to paint
The beauty of His being ?

And if our hearts so melt and thrill
With raptures of prevision,
What unimagined sweets shall fill
The cup of full fruition !

The watch is long, the watch is late,
Yet night is ever growing
Into the morn irradiate
With light of His rich sowing ;
And happy they who first behold
Upon the mountains hoary
The lifting of His banner's gold,
The breaking of His glory.

Yea, happy whom the Lord of Light
Doth find awake and singing,—
Afar to pilgrims of the night
Their cheering voices flinging !
For them His morning grows apace
To day that endeth never ;
His feast is spread, His love is shed,
For ever and for ever.

COMPENSATION.

THE graves grow thicker, and life's ways
more bare,
As years on years go by ;—
Nay, thou hast more green gardens in thy
care,
And more stars in thy sky.

Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to
memories,
Are fading out of sight ;—
Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams
to certainties
Are glowing in God's light.

Hither come backslidings, defeats, dis-
tresses,
Vexing this mortal strife ;—
Thither go progress, victories, successes,
Crowning immortal life !

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O WONDROUS-FAIR Jerusalem,
Shall I thy gates pass through ?
Thy jubilations surely join,
Thy lordly splendors view ?

O Crucified, O Glorified,
Shall I Thy face behold,
And join the ransomed as they sing
Along the streets of gold ?

.

A dream ! The City of the Christ
And that of Love are one ;
For each the fairest is and best
The sons of God have known ;
They are the one broad sovereignty,
They have the one high throne,
And Christ ne'er is where Love rules not,
From furthest zone to zone.

Love is a city, walled and towered,
With bulwarks builded high,
On every foe they rise to frown,
And foolish passer-by ;
Full pearly-gated, too, is she,—
Three gates on every side,
Which for the worn and weary hearts
Stand ever open wide.

Her streets are of pure gold, as though
Transparent glass one sees ;

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace :
And in Love's city is no curse,
No shadows darken there,
The Lamb, the light thereof, doth make
All lustrous everywhere.

The clear Life-River through her midst
In grateful fulness flows,
Upon whose banks the Tree of Life
With healing leafage grows ;
Nor hunger there, nor pain of thirst,
Love casteth out all fears,
And God most gently wipes away
The traces of our tears.

O Wondrous New Jerusalem,
From heaven thou art come down !
On earth thy firm foundations are,
Here weareth Christ His crown :
Here for the symbols of His reign
We rightful search begin ;
O loveliest Christ, O Christliest Love,
Thy kingdom is within !

UNDYING LIGHT.

O THOU the Lord and Maker of life and light !

Full heavy are the burdens that do weigh
Our spirits earthward, as through twilight gray

We journey to the end and rest of night ;
Though well we know to the deep inward sight

Darkness is but Thy shadow, and the day
Where Thou art never dies, but sends its ray

Through the wide universe with restless might.

O Lord of Light, steep Thou our souls in Thee !

That, when the daylight trembles into shade,

And falls into the silence of mortality,
And all is done, we shall not be afraid,

But pass from light to light, from earth's dull gleam

Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

THE thought of God, the thought of Thee
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art,—

The thought of Thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree
Beneath whose shade I lie,
And watch the fleets of snowy clouds
Sail o'er the silent sky.

"T is like that soft invading light
Which all in darkness shines,—
The thread that through life's sombre web
In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

One while it bids the tears to flow,
Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our souls with joy,
And always sanctifies.

Within a thought so great our souls
Little and modest grow ;
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

The wild flower on the mossy ground
Scarce bends its pliant form,
When overhead the autumnal wood
Is thundering in a storm.

So is it with our humbled souls
Down in the thought of God,—
Scarce conscious in their sober peace
Of the wild storm abroad.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise ;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.

O Lord ! I live always in pain,
My life's sad undersong,—
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,
When it has no relief ;
A joyless life is worse to bear
Than one of actual grief.

And yet, O Lord, a suffering life
One grand ascent may dare ;
Penance, not self-imposed, can make
The whole of life a prayer.

All murmurs lie inside Thy Will
Which are to Thee addressed ;
To suffer for Thee is our work,
To think of Thee our rest.

MY PLEA.

O LORD, I cannot plead my love of Thee !
I plead Thy love of me :
The shallow conduit hails the unfathomed
sea.

TRUST.

FATHER of Spirits ! Thine all secrets be ;
I bless Thee for the light Thou hast
revealed,
And that Thou hidest. Part of me I see,
And part of me Thy wisdom hath
concealed

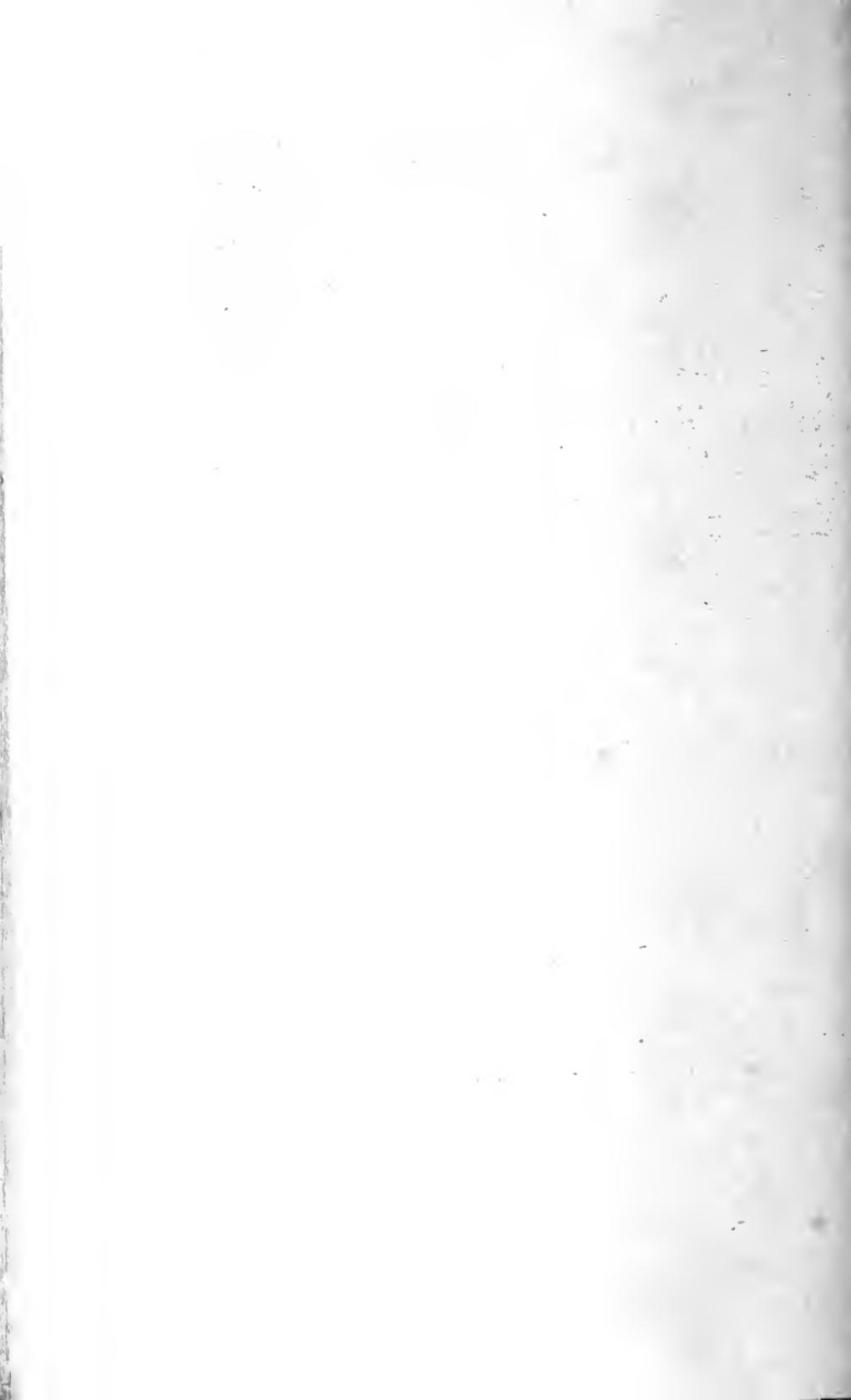
Till the new life divulge it. Lord, imbue
 me
 With will to work in this diurnal sphere,
 Knowing myself my life's day laborer
 here,
 Where evening brings the day's work's
 wages to me.
 I work my work : All its results are Thine.
 I know the loyal deed becomes a fact
 Which Thou wilt deal with ; nor will I
 repine
 Although I miss the value of the act.
 Thou carest for Thy creatures ; and the end
 Thou seest. The world unto Thy hands
 I leave ;
 And to Thy hands my life. I will not
 grieve
 Because I know not all Thou dost intend.

THE FATHER'S HYMN FOR THE MOTHER TO SING.

My child is lying on my knees ;
 The signs of heaven she reads ;
 My face is all the heaven she sees,
 Is all the heaven she needs.



"My child is lying on my knees." —*Page 150.*



And she is well—yea, bathed in bliss—
If heaven is in my face ;
Behind it is all tenderness
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood ;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

I also am a child ; and I
Am ignorant and weak ;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak ;

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

If true to her, though troubled sore,
I cannot choose but be,
Thou, who art peace for evermore,
Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife ;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap
 My waywardness about
 In doubting safety on the lap
 Of Love that knows no doubt ?

Lo, Lord ! I sit in Thy wide space,
 My child upon my knee ;
 She looketh up into my face,
 And I look up to Thee !

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THOU hast done well to kneel and say :
 “ Since He who gave can take away,
 And bid me suffer, I obey.”

And also well to tell thy heart
 That good lies in the bitterest part,
 And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all,
 When even truths like these will pall,
 Sick hearts for humbler comfort call.

Then I would have thee strive to see
 That good and evil come to thee
 As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,
That even the loneliest one must stand
Dependent on his brother's hand,—

So links more subtle and more fine
Bind every other soul to thine
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vexed ;
Though incomplete, and e'en perplexed,
It fits exactly to the next. . . .

Fail—yet rejoice ; because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart should throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument ;

That even the discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be that, when all is light,
Deep set within that deep delight
Will be to know *why* all was right,—

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And, while it floods the happy skies,
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will.

WHEN TO PRAY.

AH, when the infinite burden of life de-
scendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and under the
earth in the graveyard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God, for His
sorrowing children
Turns He ne'er from His door, but He
heals and helps and consoles them.
Yet is it better to pray when all things are
prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most
beautiful Fortune

Kneels down before the Eternal's throne,
and with hands interfolded.
Praises, thankful and moved, the only
Giver of blessings.

THE SPIRIT'S GROWTH.

DUST as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music ; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling
together

In one society. How strange that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a
part,
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself. Praise to the end !
Thanks to the means !

BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM.

“WOULD a man 'scape the rod ?”
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
“See that he turn to God
The day before his death.”

“ Ay, could a man inquire
When it shall come, I say.”
The Rabbi’s eye shoots fire—
“ Then let him turn to-day.”

IF.

IT may seem a noble thing
That you have to do,—
To strengthen the hands of a king,
The fire to pass through ;—
But if done with a courage blind,
And a selfish motive—mind,
It is not noble *in you*.

It may seem a little thing
That you have to do—
A cup of water to bring,
Or loosen a shoe,—
But if done with a ready will
And a kindly spirit—still,
It is not little *in you*.

It may seem an easy thing
That you seek to do—
To bind up a broken wing—

A song to renew,—
But with aspect stern and cold,
And a grasp of iron hold,
It will not be easy *for you.*

It may seem a hard, hard thing
That you wish to do—
To bring back the wandering,
A life to renew,—
But, with loving heart and face,
And a prayer for God's sweet grace,
It shall not be hard *for you.*

OMNIPRESENCE.

FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou—too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible—
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens Thy throne may
 be ;
 But this we know—that where Thou art,
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
 Thee.

And through the various maze of time,
 And through th' infinity of space,
 We follow Thy career sublime,
 And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
 Sustained by this delightful thought,—
 Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
 They cannot be where Thou art not.

THOU KNOWEST.

LORD, with what body do they come,
 Who in corruption here are sown,
 When, with humiliation done,
 They wear the likeness of Thine own ?

Lord, of what manner didst Thou make
 The fruits upon life's healing tree ?
 Where flows that water we may take,
 And thirst not through eternity ?

Where lie the beds of lilies prest
By virgins whiter than their snow ?
What can we liken to the rest
Thy well-belovèd yet shall know ?

And where no moon shall shine by night,
No sun shall rise and take his place,
How shall we look upon the light,
O Lamb of God, that lights Thy face ?

How shall we speak our joy that day
We stand upon the blissful shore,
Where blest inhabitants shall say :
Lo ! we are sick and sad no more ?

What anthems shall we raise to Thee,
The host upon the other side ?
What will our depths of rapture be
When heart and soul are “ satisfied ” ?

How will life seem when fear, nor dread,
Nor mortal weakness chains our
powers,—
When sin is crushed and death is dead,
And all eternity is ours ?

When, with our Lover and our Spouse,
 We shall as angels be above,
And plight no troths and breathe no vows,
 How shall we tell and prove our love?

How can we take in faith Thy hand,
 And walk the way that we must tread ?
How can we trust and understand
 That Christ will raise us from the
 dead ?

We cannot see nor know to-day,
 For He hath made us of the dust ;
We can but wait His time, and say :
 Even though He slay me, I will trust !

Swift to the dead we hasten now,
 And know not even the way we go ;
Yet quick and dead are Thine, and Thou—
 Thou knowest all we do not know !

A TIRED HEART.

DEAR LORD ! if one should some day
 come to Thee,
Weary exceedingly, and poor and worn,
 With bleeding feet sore-pierced of
 many a thorn,

And lips athirst, and eyes too tired to see,
 And, falling down before Thy face,
 should say :
“ Lord, my day counts but as an idle
 day,
My hands have gathered fruit of no fair
 tree,
Empty am I of stores of oil and corn,
 Broken am I and utterly forlorn,
Yet in Thy vineyard hast Thou room for
 me ? ”
Wouldst turn Thy face away ?
Nay, Thou wouldst lift Thy lost sheep
 tenderly.

EVERY-DAY DUTY.

“ My way to Christ,” said Cleon, “ lies
Through deep and fine philosophies.”

“ As shaven monk or anchorite,
I ’ll seek His face,” said Theodite.

“ Narrow and straight before mine eyes,”
Said John, “ my path of duty lies ;

“ And if I fail to find Him there,
I shall not find Him anywhere.”

THE DESIRE TO DEPART.

Hadad said unto Pharaoh, Let me depart, that I may go to mine own country. Then Pharaoh said unto him, But what hast thou lacked with me, that, behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country? And he answered, Nothing: howbeit let me go in any wise.—I KINGS. xi, 21, 22.

AND thus our hearts appeal to them,
When we behold our dearest rise
And look towards Jerusalem
With strangely kindling eyes. . . .

“What have ye lacked, beloved, with us,”
We murmur heavily and low,
“That ye should rise with kindling eyes,
And be so fain to go ?”

And tenderly the answer falls
From lips that wear the smile of
heaven :
“Dear ones,” they say, “we pass this day
To Him by whom your love was
given ;

And in His presence clear and true,
We answer you with hearts that glow;

No good thing have we lacked with you—
Howbeit let us go ! ”

And, even as they speak, their thoughts
Are wandering upward to the Throne :
Ah, God ! we see, at length, how free
All earthly ties must leave Thine own.

Yet, kneeling low in darkened homes,
And weeping for the treasure spent,
We bless Thee, Lord, for that sweet word
Our dear ones murmured as they went.

It was not that our love was cold,
That earthly lights were burning dim,
But that the Shepherd from his fold
Had smiled, and drawn them unto Him.

Praise God the Shepherd is so sweet !
Praise God the country is so fair !
We could not hold them from His feet ;
We can but haste to meet them there.

THE FULNESS OF TIME.

WHEN the seeds were ready, one by one,
Through the earth they broke ;
When the bud was ready, lo ! the sun
Touched it, and it woke.

When the heart was ready, half a breath
 Rent the veil it wore ;
When the soul was ready, loving Death
 Opened a wider door.

TINY TOKENS

THE memory of a kindly word
 For long-gone-by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
 Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
 Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
 The word of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
 But I have heard !"
The note that only bears a verse
 From God's own Word :—
Such tiny things we hardly count
 As ministry,—
The givers deeming they have shown
 Scant sympathy ;—
But when the heart is overwrought,
 Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
 To make it well !

IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY
COMMANDMENTS.

LOVE, to be love, must walk Thy way
And work Thy Will ;
Or if Thou say, " Lie still,"
Lie still, and pray.

Love, Thine own Bride, with all her might
Will follow Thee,
And till the shadows flee
Keep Thee in sight.

Love will not mar her peaceful face
With cares undue,
Faithless and hopeless, too,
And out of place.

Love, knowing Thou much more art Love,
Will sun her grief,
And pluck her myrtle leaf,
And be Thy dove.

Love here hath vast beatitude :
What shall be hers
Where there is no more curse,
But all is good ?

NO UNBELIEF.

THERE is no unbelief :
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod—
 He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the
 sky :
“ Be patient, Heart ; light breaketh by-
 and-by,”
 Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of
 snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
 God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber
 deep,
 Knows God will keep.

Whoever says : “ To-morrow—The Un-
 known—
The future,” trusts that Power alone
 He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids
close,
And dares to live though life has only
woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief ;
But day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why !

FERN-SONG.

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out thy palms again,
And say, "Though the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas ! in vain,
But for the shade
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the dew and the rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All thy fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain !

THE LOWLY LIFE.

A LITTLE flower so lowly grew,
 So lonely was it left,
 That heaven looked like an eye of blue
 Down in its rocky cleft.

What could the little flower do
 In such a darksome place,
 But try to reach that eye of blue
 And climb to kiss heaven's face?

And there 's no life so lone and low
 But strength may still be given
 From narrowest lot on earth to grow
 The straighter up to heaven.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

GROW old along with me !
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was
 made :
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith : " A whole I planned ;
 Youth shows but half ; trust God ; see all,
 nor be afraid ! "

.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire-ashes, what survives is
gold :
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know,
being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the
gray :
A whisper from the west
Shoots : “ Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies
another day.”

.

Not on the vulgar mass
Called “ work ” must sentence pass,—
Things done, that took the eye and had
the price,—
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value
in a trice ;

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main ac-
count,—
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
the man's amount,—

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and
escaped ;—
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,—
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor, and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our
clay,—
Thou to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
“ Since life fleets, all is change ; the Past
gone, seize To-day ! ”

Fool ! all that is at all
Lasts ever, past recall ;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
sure :
What entered into thee—
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs back or stops ; Potter
and clay endure.

Look not thou down, but up
To uses of a cup,—
The festal board, lamp's flash and trum-
pet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow !
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what
need'st thou with earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men ;
And since, not even when the whirl was
worst,
Did I (to the wheel of life,
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily) mistake my end—to slake
Thy thirst,—

So take and use Thy work ;
Amend what haws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings
past Thy aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death com-
plete the same !

REFRESHMENT.

LORD, what a change within us one short
hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a
shower !
We kneel, and all around us seems to
lower ;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and
clear ;
We kneel, how weak, we rise, how full of
power !
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves
this wrong,



"Our Shepherd knows the way, . . .
And where He leads we cannot go astray."—*Page 173.*

Or others, that we are not always strong ;
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is
prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with
Thee ?

OUR SHEPHERD.

WHAT though the way be uphill, bare, and
lone,
Drear to the sight and rough to weary
feet ?
What though it lead through depths, o'er
heights unknown,
Where night-mists gather and where
storm-winds beat ?
 Our Shepherd knows the way
 As well by night as day,
And where He leads we cannot go astray.

What though the pleasant starting-point be
hid
In dimmest distance stretching out be-
hind,

While far and farther on the goal seems
slid

Beyond the straining sight that longs to
find ?

Our Shepherd telleth o'er
The steps behind, before,
And safely guides us to the fair fold's door.

What though few flowers beside the way
spring up,

And song-birds fly on unreturning wings ?
What though on bitter herbage oft we sup,
And drink our tears for lack of fresher
springs ?

Our Shepherd knoweth well
That more of strength doth dwell
In wholesome bitter than in caromel.

The long, dim way but makes the goal
more bright ;

Clear-shining after rain is doubly blest ;
Peace smileth best on those who win the
fight,

And after labor passing sweet is rest.

The perils of the way,
The hardships and delay
Will cast no shadows on unending Day.

INSIGHT.

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea ;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven ;
Yet certain am I of the spot,
As if the chart were given.

CHRIST'S INVITATION.

HEAVEN's King
Doth bid thee to a marriage feast each
day :
His banquet is full dressed :
He asks thee for His guest ;
Nor count it a light thing
If thou refuse or if thou dost obey.
If thou shouldst go thy way,
And for earth's farm and merchandise,
His great command despise,
Beware lest in His royal wrath He swear
That thou shalt ne'er partake its sacred
fare,

And that He seeks for guests who will not
 say Him " Nay."
 The spirit of self-sacrifice
 Stays not to count its price.
 Christ did not of His mere abundance
 cast
 Into the empty treasury of man's store.
 The First and Last
 Gave until even He could give no more ;—
 His very living,
 Such was Christ's giving.

THE BLESSED TASK.

I SAID : Sweet Master, hear me pray ;
 For love of Thee the boon I ask ;
 Give me to do for Thee each day
 Some simple, lowly, blessèd task.
 And listening long, with hope elate,
 I only heard Him answer : Wait.

The days went by, and nothing brought
 Beyond the wonted round of care,
 And I was vexed with anxious thought,
 And found the waiting hard to bear ;
 But when I sighed : In vain I pray ;
 I heard Him gently answer : Nay !

So praying still, and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won—
And oh ! the depth of my content,—
My blessèd task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessèd, blessèd task.

THE QUEST.

*"Whither shall I go from Thy spirit ? or whither
shall I flee from Thy presence ? "*

I CANNOT find Thee ! Still on restless
pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou
dost dwell ;
I wander lost through all Thy vast do-
minion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee ! E'en when most adoring
Before Thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From farthest quest comes back ; Thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth ; there, O God,
Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;
The Hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my Home.

WIEGENLIED.

BE still and sleep, my soul !
Now gentle-footed Night,
In softly shadowed stole,
Holds all the day from sight.

Why shouldst thou lie and stare
Against the dark, and toss,
And live again thy care,
Thine agony and loss ?

‘Twas given thee to live,
And thou hast lived it all ;
Let that suffice, nor give
One thought what may befall.

Thou hast no need to wake,
Thou art no sentinel ;
Love all the care will take,
And Wisdom watcheth well.

Weep not, think not, but rest !
The stars in silence roll ;
On the world’s mother-breast,
Be still and sleep, my soul !

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

IT was not a day of feasting,
Nor a day of the brimming cup ;
There were bitter drops in the fountain
Of life as it bubbled up ;
And over the toilsome hours
Were weakness and sorrow poured,
Yet I said “Amen !” when the night came,
It had been a day of the Lord.

A day of His sweetest whispers
In the hush of the tempest’s whirl ;
A day when the Master’s blessing
Was pure in my hand as a pearl ;
A day when, under orders,
I was fettered, yet was free ;
A day of strife and triumph,
A day of the Lord to me !

And my head, as it touched the pillow,
When the darkness gathered deep,
Was soothed at the thought of taking
The gift of childlike sleep ;
For what were the burdens carried,
And what was the foeman’s sword,
To one who had fought and triumphed
In a blessed day of the Lord ?

MORALITY.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides ;
The Spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides :
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and reap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

PRAYER.

WE doubt the word that tells us : "Ask,
And ye shall have your prayer ;"
We turn our thoughts as to a task,
With will constrained and rare.

And yet we have ! These scanty prayers
Yield gold without alloy :
O God ! but he that trusts and dares
Must have a boundless joy.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

I LOVE to feel that I am taught,
And, as a little child,
To note the lessons I have learnt
In passing through the wild.
For I am sure God teaches me,
And His own gracious Hand
Each varying page before me spreads,
By love and wisdom planned.

I often think I cannot spell
The lesson I must learn,
And then, in weariness and doubt,
I pray the page may turn ;
But time goes on, and soon I find
I was learning all the while ;
And words which seemed most dimly
traced
Shine out with rainbow smile.

Or sometimes strangely I forget,
And learning o'er and o'er,
A lesson all with teardrops wet,
Which I had learned before,
He chides me not, but waits awhile,
Then wipes my heavy eyes ;

Oh, what a Teacher is our God,
So patient and so wise !

Sometimes the Master gives to me
A strange, new alphabet ;
I wonder what its use will be,
Or why it need be set.
And then I find this tongue alone
Some stranger ear can reach,
One whom He has commissioned me
For Him to train or teach.

If others sadly bring to me
A lesson hard or new,
I often find that helping them
Has made me learn it too.
Or, had I learnt it long before,
My toil is overpaid
If so one tearful eye may see
One lesson plainer made.

We do not see our Teacher's face,
We do not hear His voice,
And yet we know that He is near,
We feel it and rejoice.
There is a music round our hearts,
Set in no mortal key ;

There is a Presence in our souls—
We know that it is He.

His loving teaching cannot fail,
And we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and
strange,
When learning time is past.
Oh ! may we learn to love Him more
By every opening page,
By every lesson He shall mark
With daily ripening age.

WISH AND ACTION.

Not Fortune's slave is man : our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heavenward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place,
Whatever props may fail ;
Trust in that Sovereign Law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

“GIVE us our daily bread,” we pray,
And know not half of what we say.

The bread on which our bodies feed
Is but the moiety of our need.

The soul, the heart, must nourished be,
And share the daily urgency.

And though it may be bitter bread
On which these nobler parts are fed,

No less we crave the daily dole,
O Lord, of body and of soul !

Sweet loaves, the wine-must all afoam,
The manna and the honey-comb,—

All these are good, but better still
The food which checks and moulds the will.

The sting for pride, the smart for sin,
The purging draught for self within,

The sorrows which we shuddering meet,
Not knowing their after-taste of sweet,—

All these we ask for when we pray,
“ Give us our daily bread this day.”

Lord, leave us not athirst, unfed ;
Give us this best and hardest bread,

Until, these mortal needs all past,
We sit at Thy full feast at last,—

The bread of angels broken by Thee,
The wine of joy poured constantly.

NIL NISI BONUM.

HATH thy heart sunshine ? shed it wide ;
The weary world hath need of thee.
Doth bitterness within abide ?
Shut fast thy door, and hold the key.

THE SOUL'S PARTING.

SHE sat within Life's Banquet Hall at noon,
When word was brought unto her secretly :
“ The Master cometh onwards quickly ;
soon
Across the threshold He will call for thee.”
Then she rose up to meet Him at the Door,
But turning, courteous, said a farewell brief

To those that sat around. From Care and
Grief

She parted first : " Companions sworn and
true

Have ye been ever to me, but for Friends
I knew ye not till later, and did miss
Much solace through that error ; let this
kiss,

Late known and prized, be taken for
amends ;—

Thou, too, kind, constant Patience, with
thy slow,

Sweet counsels aiding me ; I did not know
That ye were Angels, until ye displayed
Your wings for flight : Now bless me ! "

But they said,
" We blessed thee long ago."

Then turning unto twain
That stood together, tenderly and oft
She kissed them on their foreheads,
whispering soft :

" Now must we part ; yet leave me not
before

Ye see me enter safe within the Door !
Kind bosom-comforters, that by my side

The darkest hour found ever closest bide,
A dark hour waits me ere for evermore
Night with its heaviness be overpast ;
Stay with me till I cross the threshold
o'er ! ”

So Faith and Hope stayed by her till the
last.

But giving both her hands
To one that stood the nearest :—“ Thou
and I

May pass together ; for the holy bands
God knits on earth are never loosed on
high.

Long have I walked with thee ; thy name
arose

E'en in my sleep, and sweeter than the
close

Of music was thy voice ; for thou wert sent
To lead me homewards from my banish-
ment

By devious ways ; and never hath my heart
Swerved from thee, though our hands were
wrung apart

By spirits sworn to sever us : above
Soon shall I look upon thee as thou art.”
So she crossed o'er with LOVE.

INSOMNIA.

How heavily the evening lies
On aching limbs and sleepless eyes !
And as the day gives place to night
The spirit seems to lose its light.

Conscience and Fancy,—thoughts of all
That most can harass and appall,—
A strange, tumultuous vigil keep ;
And only Hope and Reason sleep.

O troubled heart ! O fevered head !
There watches One beside thy bed,
Calmer than moonlight on a flower,
Stronger than Satan's wildest power.

He knows the night who made it pass
At first, like breath from gleaming glass,
When at His word, " Let there be light,"
The day-spring flashed, and all was bright.

He knows it who on mountains bare
Passed its long hours in lonely care,
Kneeling beneath the Syrian sky,
Pleading till dawn with the Most High.

He searched the darkness through and through ;
Its gloom, for Him, has nothing new,
As night by night He turns us round
Into the shadowy outer bound.

There, when afflicted and alone,
Oh, call upon that Mighty One !
And hold Him fast, and make Him stay
And bless you till the dawn of day.

Remember, Night has mercies too ;
Its pains are only for the few ;
Think upon all the peace it brings,
Folding soft creatures in its wings.

As wearily you toss and sigh,
Thousands of infants sleeping lie ;
And man, and beast, and bird, and flower,
Grow stronger for the midnight hour.

And if the darkness had not been,
We never should the stars have seen,
Nor guessed that the clear azure sky
Veiled myriad worlds that rolled on high.

Then spend no more dark hours alone,
But call upon the Mighty One,
And hold Him fast, and He will stay
Until the shadows flee away.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

WHO fathoms the Eternal Thought ?
Who talks of scheme and plan ?
The Lord is God ! He needeth not
The weak device of man. . . .

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,—
I know that God is good ! . . .

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

· · · · ·
And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

DISCONTENT.

THERE is no day so dark
But through the murk some ray of hope
 may steal,
Some blessed touch from Heaven that we
 might feel,
If we but chose to mark.

We shut the portals fast,
And turn the key and let no sunshine in ;
Yet to the worst despair that comes through
 sin
God's light shall reach at last.

We slight our daily joy,
Make much of our vexations, thickly set
Our path with thorns of discontent, and
 fret
At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous Heaven might frown
At such ingratitude and, turning, lay
On our impatience burdens that would
 weigh
Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears,
And sigh too sore, and yield us up to woe,
As if God had not planned the way we go,
And counted out our tears.

Can we not be content,
And lift our foreheads from the ignoble
dust
Of these complaining lives, and wait with
trust,
Fulfilling Heaven's intent?

Must we have wealth and power—
Fame, beauty—all things ordered to our
mind?
Nay, all these things leave happiness be-
hind!
Accept the sun and shower,

The humble joys that bless,
Appealing to indifferent hearts and cold
With delicate touch, striving to reach and
hold
Our hidden consciousness.

And see how everywhere
Love comforts, strengthens, helps, and
saves us all ;
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair !

ACCEPTABLE SERVICE.

THREE things Theodosius purposed, as he
rose,
Should be accomplished ere the evening's
close :
His missal-copy, finely writ, and splendid
In crimson, gold, and azure, should be
ended ;
And written, too, the song of sacred praise
For choristers to sing on holy days ;
Then, as an added, but not alien, grace—
As ocean's glass interprets heaven's
face—
With every note aright, a music-scroll
Should give the body of his song its soul.
That morning from a neighboring convent
came
A novice, knowing of Theodosius' fame,

And craved instruction in the painter's art :

Hour after hour, Theodosius saw depart
The precious morning light, yet patiently
Tutored the novice. Once again set free,
A woman eagerly besought his aid
For her sick child ; and long Theodo-
sius stayed

Tending his patient, till with tearful joy
The mother gently kissed her rescued boy.

Vespers were sung ; a brother sore dis-
tressed

Poured out his griefs on Theodosius'
breast

And, comforted, departed. Compline said,
Theodosius turned in weariness to bed,

Praying : " O God ! to glorify Thy name
Three things I purposed ; now with
heartfelt shame

I see the day is ended, and not one
Of all those things my feeble skill hath
done.

Yet, since my life is Thine, be Thine to
say

Where shall be found the duties of the
day ;

And in Thy work my work perfected be,
Or given o'er in sacrifice to Thee."

Then suddenly upon his inward ear
There fell the answer, gentle, calm, and
clear :
"Thrice hath My name to-day been glori-
fied
In loving service — teacher, friend, and
guide.
Such work with God for man, if gladly
done,
Is heaven's ministry on earth begun.
To work the works I purpose is to be
At one with saints, with angels, and with
Me."

A WORKING HYMN.

SON of the Carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine ;
Worth to my meanest labor give
By joining it with Thine.

Servant of all ! to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse ;

Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free ;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

Oh, when wilt Thou, my life, appear ?
Then will I gladly cry :
“ ‘T is done, the work Thou gav’st me here,
‘T is finished, Lord ”—and die !

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well ;
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well ;
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give ;
Else is that being but a dream,—
'T is but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest ! live thy creed !
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

LOSS AND GAIN.

MYRIAD roses, unregretted, perish in their
vernal bloom,
That the essence of their sweetness *once*
your beauty may perfume.

Myriad veins of richest life-blood empty
forth their priceless worth,
To exalt *one* will imperial over spacious
realms of earth.

Myriad hearts are pained and broken that
one Poet may be taught
To discern the shapes and passions, and
describe them as he ought.

Myriad minds of heavenly temper pass as
passes moon and star,
That *one* philosophic spirit may ascend the
solar car.

Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth
and fill the skies,
And the meanest Life is sacred whence
the highest may arise.

INJUNCTION.

WALK thy way greatly. So do thou endure
Thy small, thy narrow, dwarfed and
cankered life
That soothing patience shall be half the
cure
For ills that lesser souls keep sore with
strife.

Be thou thyself. So strongly, grandly
bear
Thee on what seems thy hard, mistaken
road,
That thou shalt breathe heaven's clearest
upper air,
And so forget thy feet that meet the
clod.

Wilt see thyself to god-like stature grown ;
Feed full thy soul on strong humility.
Then shalt thou on thy sordid life look
down ;
Make thou thy life, not let thy life make
thee.

IN PATIENCE.

I WILL not faint, but trust in God
Who this my lot hath given :
He leads me by the thorny road
Which is the road to heaven.
Though sad my day that lasts so long,
At evening I shall have a song :
Though dim the day until the night,
At evening-time there shall be light.

My life is but a working day
 Whose tasks are set aright ;
 A while to work, a while to pray,
 And then a quiet night.
 And then, please God, a quiet night
 Where Saints and Angels walk in white ;
 One dreamless sleep from work and sorrow,
 But re-awakening on the morrow.

[MACMILLAN, Copyright, 1896.]

RECONCILED.

O YEARS, gone down into the past,
 What pleasant memories come to me
 Of your untroubled days of peace,
 And hours almost of ecstasy !

Yet would I have no moon stand still
 Where life's most pleasant valleys lie ;
 Nor wheel the planet of the day
 Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though when youthful pleasures died,
 My youth itself went with them, too,
 To-day—aye ! even this very hour—
 Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by,—
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry :

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim ;
And where I cannot understand
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,
This I have truly learned to say—
The prayers I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way.

· · · · ·
And I have learned the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms,
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms.

And, sitting by the wayside blind,
He is the nearest to the light
Who crieth out most earnestly :
“Lord, that I might receive my sight !”

O feet, grown weary as ye walk
Where down life's hill my pathway lies,

What care I, when my soul can mount
 As the young eagle mounts the skies.

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
 What matters it how dim ye be ?
 My inner vision sweeps, untired,
 The reaches of eternity !

O Death, most dreaded power of all !
 When the last moment comes, and thou
 Darkenest the windows of my soul,
 Through which I look on nature now,—

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
 Shall I not meet thine hour unawed ?
 My house eternal in the heavens
 Is lighted by the smile of God.

THE NINTH PARADISE.

IN the nine heavens are eight Paradises ;
 Where is the ninth one ? In the human
 breast.
 Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises,
 But blessedness dwells in the human
 breast.

Created creatures are in the Paradises,
The uncreated Maker is in the breast.
Rather, O man, want those eight Paradises,
Than be without the ninth one in thy
breast.

Given to thee are those eight Paradises
When thou hast the ninth one within thy
breast.

ALL'S WELL.

Ask and receive :—'t is sweetly said,
Yet what to plead for I know not ;
For Wish is worsted, Hope outsped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.

If I would pray,
I've nought to say
But this, that God may be God still ;
For Him, to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish His will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound !
Eternity each moment given !
What plummet may the Present sound ?
Who promises a *future* heaven ?

Or glad, or grieved,
 Oppressed, relieved,
 In blackest night or brightest day,
 Still pours the flood
 Of golden good,
 And more than heart-full fills me aye.

I have a stake in every star,
 In every beam that fills the day ;
 All hearts of men my coffers are,
 My ores aërial tides convey ;
 The fields, the skies,
 And sweet replies
 Of thought to thought are my gold-dust,—
 The oaks, the brooks,
 And speaking looks
 Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
 For him who lives above all years,
 Who all-immortal makes the Now,
 And is not ta'en in Time's arrears.
 His life's a hymn
 The seraphim
 Might hark to hear or help to sing,
 And to his soul

The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

“ All mine is thine,” the sky-soul saith ;
“ The wealth I am, must thou become,—
Richer and richer, breath by breath,
Immortal gain, immortal room ! ”
And since all his
Mine also is,
Life’s gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream
In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning star.

MY FRIEND.

O FRIEND of souls ! how blest the time
When in Thy love I rest,
When from my weariness I climb
E’en to Thy tender breast !
The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun ;
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure :
I care not for the world, I go
To this tried Friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident
Because it holdeth Thee.

I do not fear the wilderness
Where Thou hast been before ;
Nay, rather would I daily press
After Thee more and more !
Thou art my strength, on Thee I lean ;
My heart thou makest sing ;
And to Thy pastures green at length
Thy chosen flock will bring.

FOREBODINGS.

I SAID : The desert is so wide !
I said : The desert is so bare !
What springs to quench my thirst are
there ?
Where shall I from the tempest hide ?

I said : The desert is so lone !
Nor gentle voice, nor loving face,
Will brighten any smallest space.—
I paused or ere my moan was done !

I heard the flow of hidden springs :
Before me palms rose green and fair ;
The birds were singing ; all the air
Did shine and stir with angel wings !

And One said mildly : “ Why, indeed,
Take over-anxious thought for what
The morrow bringeth ! See you not
The Father knoweth what you need ? ”

FORETASTE.

OH ! sure I am the draught is sweet,
Although my cup doth not run over ;
In each wee blossom at my feet
Perfection's whole I can discover.

.
There 's not a single happy hour—
An hour that 's ever worth the living—
But holds the truth within its power
That happiness is God's own giving ;

That He in whom all fulness dwells,
Who gives to each of His good pleasure,
Reserves a bliss that far excels
The compass of our finite measure.

My pleasant draught doth make me bold
To taste a drop of heaven's sweetness,
And find the tiniest flower doth hold
An atom of the Lord's completeness.

EYE HATH NOT SEEN.

“EYE hath not seen !” Yet man hath
known and weighed
A hundred thousand marvels that have
been :
What is it which (the Word of Truth hath
said)
Eye hath not seen ?

“Eye hath not heard !” Yet harpings of
delight,
Trumpets of triumph, song and spoken
word,—
Man knows them all : what lovelier, loftier
might
Hath ear not heard ?

"Nor heart conceive!" Yet hath man
now desired
Beyond all reach, beyond his hope believed,
Loved beyond death: What fire shall yet
be fired,
No heart conceived?

"Deep calls to deep!" Man's depth
would be despair
But for God's deeper depth; we sow to
reap;
Have patience, wait, betake ourselves to
prayer;
Deep answereth deep.

THE ANSWER.

"ALLAH, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked
with pain the long night through:
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till
his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said,
"Call louder, child of Pain!
See if Allah ever hears, or answers 'Here
am I,' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his
brain and pulses went ;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain
a darkness, sent.

Then before him stands Elias ; says, " My
child, why thus dismayed ?
Dost repent thy former fervor ? Is thy
soul of prayer afraid ? "

" Ah ! " he cried, " I 've called so often,
never heard the ' Here am I ' ;
And I thought, God will not pity, will not
turn on me His eye."

Then the grave Elias answered : " God
said, ' Rise, Elias ; go
Speak to him, the sorely tempted ; lift him
from his gulf of woe.

" ' Tell him that his very longing is itself
an answering cry ;
That his prayer, " Come, gracious Allah ! "
is my answer, " Here am I "

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel
undefiled,
And in every " O my Father," slumbers
deep a " Here, my child."

HOPE! ACT!

STILL hope! Still act! Be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil, in tasks however mean,
For all we know of right and true,—
In this alone our worth is seen;
'T is this we are ordained to do.

So shalt thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give;
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be
taught,
By thee let others nobler live.

Oh, wail not in the darksome forest,
Where thou must needs be left alone!
But e'en when memory is sorest,
Seek out a path, and journey on.

Thou wilt have angels near, above,
By whom invisible aid is given;
They journey still on tasks of love,
And never rest, except in heaven.

TO-MORROW.

WHAT is it Jesus saith unto the soul?—

“Take up the Cross, and come and follow Me.”

One word He saith to all men; none may be

Without a Cross, yet hope to touch the goal.

Then heave it bravely up, and brace thy whole

Body to bear; it will not weigh on thee
Past strength; or if it crush thee to thy knee

Take heart of grace, for grace shall be thy dole.

Give thanks to-day, and let to-morrow take
Heed to itself; to-day imports thee more.

To-morrow may not dawn like yesterday:

Until that unknown morrow go thy way,
Suffer and work and strive for Jesus' sake:—

Who tells thee what to-morrow keeps in store?

I SAID.

WHEN apple blossoms in the spring
Began their fragrant leaves to shed,
And robins twittered on the wing,
“ ‘T is time to sow my seeds,” I said.

So patiently, with care and pains,
My nurslings underground I spread :
“ The early and the latter rains
Will reach them where they lie,” I said.

“ The sun will nurse them, and the dew,
The sweet winds woo them overhead ;
No care of mine can coax them through
This black, unsightly mould,” I said.

And so I left them. Day by day,
To gentle household duties wed,
I went in quiet on my way :
“ God will take care of them,” I said.

And now ’t is autumn : rich and bright
My garden blooms,—blue, white, and
red ;—
A loyal show ! a regal sight !
And all is even as I said.

My faithless heart ! the lesson heed ;
 No longer walk disquieted ;
 Where the Great Sower sows the seed,
 All shall be even as He said.

'T is spring-time yet ; behold ! the years
 Roll grandly in, God overhead,
 When Thou shalt say : "O, bootless fears!"
 Lo ! all is even as He said.

THE ANGEL REAPERS.

FAIR are the Angel Reapers,
 Still reaping where we sow,
 While o'er the varied fields of Life
 As laborers we go,
 Toiling with few or many
 Where'er our lot is cast :—
 The day of labor may be long,
 But the harvest comes at last.

Glad are the Angel Reapers—
 Still reaping where we sow
 The seeds of kindly thoughts and deeds,
 In human hearts to grow—
 If with a smile like sunshine
 Our love shall beam for all,

Or blessèd tears of sympathy
Like evening dew shall fall.

Sad are the Angel Reapers,
Still reaping where we sow
The seeds of sin and wrong and strife,
In human hearts to grow.
The day is long and weary,
Oh, should we not beware
Lest o'er the field, unguardedly,
We scatter many a tare !

Bright are the Angel Reapers,
Still reaping where we sow
Beside the crystal springs of song,
Where healing waters flow,—
Seed sown in might or weakness
In Thought's broad harvest-field,
For garners of Eternity
A plenteous store to yield.

Bless we the Angel Reapers :
When life's long day is past,
What of our toil in sun and shade
Shall they bring home at last ?

When Earth's broad fields of labor
 Our hands no more employ,
 Oh, may those Reapers gather in
 Our golden sheaves with joy !

TOIL AND REST.

TOIL is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
 Rest is sweet, for Thou didst rest ;
 Be our works from sin assoiled !
 Be our rest upon Thy breast !

Be our work for Thee our rest !
 Be our strife for Thee our peace,
 Till our sun sink in the west,
 And we taste Thy joy's increase !

VIOLETS.

THEY neither toil nor spin ;
 And yet their robes have won
 A splendor never seen within
 The courts of Solomon.

Tints that the cloud-rifts hold,
 And rainbow-gossamer,

The violet's tender form enfold ;
No queen is draped like her.

All heaven and earth and sea
Have wrought with subtlest power
That clothed in purple she might be—
This little, fading flower.

We, who must toil and spin,
What clothing must we wear ?
The glorious raiment we shall win
Life shapes us everywhere.

God's inner heaven hath sun
And rain, and space of sky,
Where-through for us His spindles run,
His mighty shuttles fly.

His seamless vesture white
He wraps our spirits in ;
He weaves His finest webs of light
For us, who toil and spin.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

DIG channels for the stream of Love,
Where they may broadly run,
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very springs of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
Such is the law of Love.

THE CRIMSON THRONE.

ONCE I sat on a crimson throne,
And I held the world in fee ;
Below me I heard my brothers moan,
And I bent me down to see ;—

Lovingly bent and looked on them,
But *I* had no inward pain ;
I sat in the heart of my ruby gem
Like a rainbow without the rain.

My throne is vanished ; helpless I lie
At the foot of its broken stair,
And the sorrows of all humanity
Though my heart make a thoroughfare.

SUBMISSION.

SINCE Thy hand presents this cup
Can I fail to drink it up ?

No ! though bitter be the taste,
Not a drop I dare to waste.

Lifting heart and bending knee,
Lo, in faith I drink to Thee !

Bitter is it ? Yes and No.
Just at first it seemeth so.

But the bitter is so fleet,
And the after-taste so sweet,

And the strength it gives so rare,
Sweeter cup I well can spare.

HIDDEN GROWTH.

DEAR, secret greenness ! nursed below
Tempests and winds and winter nights !
Vex not that but One sees thee grow ;
That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience, calm and bright
 Within itself, an outward test ?
 Who breaks his glass to make more light
 Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
 At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
 Till the white-wingèd reapers come.

OPTIMISM.

I FIND earth not gray, but rosy,
 Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
 Do I stoop ? I pluck a posy :
 Do I stand and stare ? All 's blue.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

My sun has crossed the high meridian line,
 Beyond the clouds that thither come
 and go ;
 While on the western slopes with day's de-
 cline
 The shadows deeper grow,

I face the opening portals of the west,
My eyes with radiant visions slowly fill,
While lie the clouds in level bars at rest,
And all the winds are still.

I turn not hence with longings for the
morn,
Nor grieve I for the passing of the
noon;
Enough that every change to me hath
borne
God's blessing late or soon.

Nor pray I that the now descending sun
Hasten his going, that my day be o'er;
I am content—content God's will be done,
Be my time less or more.

Nay, something deeper, better than con-
tent
Or dumb submission to the Will Di-
vine;
Thanks rather for the life I here have
spent,
The hopes forever mine.

The endless gifts, the mercies manifold,
With all that has been and is still to be :
My God, my heart were passionless and
cold
Did I not bring to Thee
The measure of its depths and overflow,—
Did not a joyful song to Thee ascend
For all that I have known, am yet to know,
Until my life shall end,
Of that full love which all my way en-
folds,
Still keeps me close within its sovereign
care,
And grants whate'er I need, and yet with-
holds
That which I could not bear.

LIGHT.

BE not much troubled about many things ;
Fear often hath no whit of substance
in it,
And lives but just a minute ;
While from the very snow the wheat-blade
springs.

And light is like a flower
That bursts in full leaf from the darkest
hour ;
And He who made the night
Made too the flowery sweetness of the
light :
Be it thy task, through His good grace,
to win it.

TIRED.

I AM tired. Heart and feet
Turn from busy mart and street ;
I am tired—rest is sweet.

I am tired. Loss and gain—
Golden sheaves and scattered grain !—
Day has not been spent in vain.

I am tired. Eventide
Bids me lay my cares aside,
Bids me in my hopes abide.

I am tired. God is near ;
Let me sleep without a fear ;
Let me die without a tear.

I am tired. I would rest
As the bird within the nest.
I am tired : Home is best.

HOW LONG ?

My life is long.—Not so the Angels say
Who watch me waste it, trembling while
they weigh
Against eternity my lavished day.

My life is long.—Not so the Saints in
peace
Judge, filled with plenitude that cannot
cease :
Oh, life was short which brought such
large increase !

My life is long.—Christ's word is different :
The heat and burden of the day were spent
On Him ; to me refreshing times are sent.

Give me an Angel's heart, that day nor
night
Rests not from adoration its delight,
Still crying “Holy, Holy !” in the height.

Give me the heart of Saints, who laid at
rest
In better Paradise than Abraham's breast,
In the everlasting Rock have made their
nest.

Give me Thy heart, O Christ, who thirty-
three
Slow years of sorrow countedst short for
me,
That where Thou art, there Thy beloved
might be.

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FAITH.

FAIN would I hold my lamp of life aloft,
Like yonder tower built high above the
reef ;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds
blow soft,
Clear, though the skies dissolve in tears
of grief.

For darkness passes, storms shall not
abide :
A little patience and the fog is past :

After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,
 The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long, and pain weighs
 heavily,

But God will hold His world above
 despair :

Look to the East, where up the lucid sky
 The morning climbs ! The day shall
 yet be fair !

HOME.

MANY a wrong, and its curing song ;
 Many a road, and many an inn ;
 Room to roam, but only one Home
 For all the world to win.

TERMINUS.

IT is time to be old,
 To take in sail :—
 The god of bounds,
 Who sets to seas a shore,
 Came to me in his fatal rounds,
 And said : “ No more !

No farther shoot
Thy broad, ambitious branches, and thy
root.
Fancy departs ; no more invent ;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There 's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two ;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Softten the fall with wary foot ;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And—fault of novel germs—
Mature the unfallen fruit."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey at eve the voice obeyed at prime :
" Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
"A common-place life," we say, and we sigh	127
A little flower so lowly grew	168
A rich man dies—so runs the Eastern tale	67
A Sower went forth to sow	82
A tender child of summers three	59
Admit into thy silent breast	115
Ah, not in strange, portentous way	5
Ah, when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us	154
Allah ! Allah ! cried the sick man racked with pain	211
An ear quick to hear	71
And thus our hearts appeal to them	162
And where, and in what pleasant places	10
Ask and receive :—'t is sweetly said	205
Be not much troubled about many things	224
Be still and sleep, my soul	179
Be the sky blue or be the sky gray	101
Be useful where thou livest, that they may	112
Because Thy love hath sought me	81
Begin the day with God	36
Believe not that your inner eye	110

	PAGE
Beneath the drifted snow she keeps	48
Better to love in loneliness	64
Blindfolded and alone I stand	99
By all means use sometimes to be alone	101
By meadow bank, by forest glade	30
By Thine anguish cleanse my soul	16
 Care Thou for me ! let me not care !	51
Consider it, this outer world	13
Content to come, content to go	26
 Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern	167
Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful	38
Dear Lord, if one should some day come to Thee	160
Dear, secret greenness ! nursed below	221
Dig channels for the Stream of Love	219
Do what Thou wilt ! yes, only do	74
Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows	155
 Each fearful storm that o'er us rolls	76
Even in a palace life may be led well	131
"Eye hath not seen !" yet man hath known and weighed	210
 Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft	227
Fair are the Angel Reapers	216
Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love	157
Father, I cry to Thee for bread	24
Father of spirits ! Thine all secrets be	149
Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon	13

	PAGE
Gethsemane denied our Lord	137
Give me the ear, my God, to hear	85
"Give us our daily bread," we pray	185
God hath made stars the foil	73
God scatters love on every side	138
Grow old along with me	168
Hath thy heart sunshine? shed it wide	186
Have I knowledge? Confounded it shrinks at wisdom laid bare	17
He liveth long who liveth well	198
Heaven is not reached by a single bound	120
Heaven's King doth bid thee to a marriage- feast each day.	175
Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought	62
How changed in an instant! What was it!	3
How heavily the evening lies	189
I am strong in faith and hope	20
I am tired. Heart and feet	225
I am weary with toil and with ache	121
I ask not that for me the plan	106
I cannot find Thee! Still on restless pinion	177
I find earth not gray but rosy	222
I have an Enemy. And shall he be	136
I lay me down to sleep	49
I long for joy, O Lord; I long for Thee	117
I look to Thee in every need	33
I love to feel that I am taught	182
I need not care	45

	PAGE
I never saw a moor	175
I said : Sweet Master hear me pray	176
I said : The desert is so wide	208
I seem to halt and yet I know	10
I talked with you to-day, all three	123
I thank Thee, Lord, for precious things	35
I will not faint, but trust in God	201
I will not wrong thee, O To-day	97
I would not chronicle my life	75
If I have faltered more or less	91
If I lay waste and wither up with doubt	96
If only we were worthier found	23
If you have a friend worth loving	21
Inaudible voices call us, and we go	116
In a dry old mow that was once, alas !	132
In sheltered gardens valleys lie	17
In summer and winter, in calm and storm	53
In the nine heavens are eight Paradises	204
In the old days God and His angels oft	61
In the still air the music lies unheard	50
It is time to be old	228
It may seem a noble thing	156
It was not a day of feasting	180
 Joy, what art thou ? tell me	 94
 Last night I stole away alone, to find	 93
Lend a hand ! Do not think because yours is small	27
Let me go where'er I will	8

	PAGE
Like the lark, like the lark	60
Little thinks in the field, yon red-cloaked clown	65
Lord, according to Thy words	103
Lord, if there be, as wise men spake	76
Lord, for the erring thought	119
Lord, many times I am aweary quite	106
Lord, send Thy light	110
Lord, we are rivers running to Thy sea	32
Lord, what a change within us one short hour,	172
Lord, with what body do they come	158
Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back	87
Love, to be love, must walk Thy way	165
Many a wrong, and its curing song	228
My all I carry with me everywhere	114
My child is lying on my knees	150
My life is long. Not so the angels say	226
My sun has crossed the high meridian line	222
My vineyard that is mine I have to keep	41
"My way to Christ," said Cleon, "lies	161
Myriad roses, unregretted, perish in their ver- nal state	199
No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low	124
None other Lamb, none other name	139
Not Fortune's slave is man; our state	184
Not only those above us on the height	98
O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother.	84
O dear Lord, we know what death is worth	114

	PAGE
O Friend of souls ! how blest the time	207
O God, whose thoughts are brightest light	112
O Lord, I cannot plead my love of Thee	149
O Lord, fulfil Thy will	52
O Thou the Lord and Maker of life and light.	146
O wondrous fair Jerusalem	143
O years gone down into the past	202
Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill	88
Oh ! lead me, Lord, that I may lead	29
Oh, sure I am the draught is sweet	209
Once I sat on a crimson throne	220
One deed may mar a life	7
One smile can glorify a day	32
One, with a sudden cry	107
Over and over again	27
Rabbi Jehosha used to say	8
“ Rejoice ! ” said one, with a sigh	14
Selfish good may not befall	121
She sat within Life’s banquet hall at noon	186
Since I am coming to that holy room	40
Since Thy hand presents this cup	221
Slowly the hours	85
Sometimes, when rude, cold shadows run	24
Son of the carpenter, receive	197
Still hope ! still act ! Be sure that life	213
Strive ; yet I do not promise	80
Sweet is the solace of Thy love	72
Sweet, so sweet, it is to know	81

	PAGE
The dead leaves their mosaics	126
The fool asks, "With what flesh, in joy or pain	42
The graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare	143
The homely words, how often read	135
The lightning and thunder	48
The memory of a kindly word	164
The path I tread seems often bare	1
The rain may fall in constant showers	78
The thought of God, the thought of Thee	147
The times of old bright pictures bring	89
The watch is long, the watch is late	140
The winter cometh, whence	46
The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel	131
There are days of silent sorrow	124
There is a rest that deeper grows	2
There is no day so dark	193
There is no unbelief	166
They neither toil nor spin	218
They talk of short-lived pleasure,—be it so	77
This world is not conclusion	133
Thou Grace Divine, encircling all	95
Thou hast done well to kneel and say	152
Thou one all-perfect light	78
Three things Theodosius purposed	195
Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way	26
Time was, I shrank from what was right	92
To fight aloud is very brave	44
To give is better than to know or see	90

	PAGE
Toil is sweet, for Thou hast toiled . . .	227
To-night, my soul, be still and sleep . . .	37
To weary hearts, to mourning homes . . .	118
Walking with patience where the way is rough . . .	36
Walk thy way greatly. So do thou endure . . .	200
We cannot kindle when we will	181
We doubt the word that tells us : ask . . .	181
We dwell with fears on either hand . . .	66
We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee	125
Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared	128
What are we set on earth for ? Say, to toil . . .	28
What is it Jesus saith unto the soul ? . . .	214
What is the beginning ? Love. What the course ? Love still	67
What though the way be uphill, bare, and lone .	173
When apple blossoms in the Spring	215
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought	38
When the seeds were ready, one by one	163
Where does the snow go ?	102
Whichever way the wind doth blow	43
Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?	191
Who knows ? God knows and what He knows is best	134
Within the Eternal Heart I strove to lose my soul	34
Would a man 'scape the rod ?	155







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